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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIII. No. 858. SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1923. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY.

SAVED
ASK YOUR GROCER
Jagers Snack
SWEET & MELLOW
DO NOT THROW AWAY THE TIN AFTER REFILLING
3d. per lb. Cheaper

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

Pretty Pictures for Starving People

by

A. G. Gardiner

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One small packet of Reudel Bath Saltrates is guaranteed to rid your feet of the above painful afflictions and do it within a day or two. Immediately stops rheumatic, gouty, or other aches, pains, stiffness, or swellings in muscles or joints. No waiting. Results are quick and positive.

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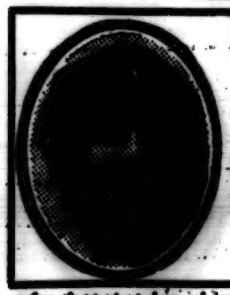
Miss Phyllis Monkman says: "Reudelated" water is wonderful. It is not only highly medicated, but it also contains oxygen, an element which is Nature's own refreshing and healing agent. There is *no other way* in which these wonderful properties can be imparted to the water. It reproduces in concentrated form the essential constituents found in the waters at celebrated natural curative springs, providing spa treatment at your own home. See how quickly "Reudelated" water cools and



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Miss Phyllis Monkman, the Musical Comedy Actress, writes:—

"It is wonderful for tired, tender, aching feet, or any other foot troubles. The medicated and oxygenated water has the same effect as that at famous Spas."

refreshes tender skin, while it draws all the pain and soreness out of aching muscles or sensitive joints. The real and lasting foot comfort is so gratifying that no one can fully appreciate such amazing effects until they are actually felt. The feet will soon be rendered so strong and healthy that they prove capable of bearing any reasonable strain ever likely to be placed upon them. Millions of packets of Reudel Bath Saltrates have been sold throughout the world, every one containing the manufacturer's guarantee of satisfaction or money back immediately and without question. The sale is increasing daily. This means something and must convince even the most sceptical of its real merit. Ask your chemist or doctor about it. Every chemist in the United Kingdom keeps Reudel Bath Saltrates put up in packets of convenient sizes and at very low prices. A trial cannot cost you a penny, if you are not delighted by the effects, but you will be.

JOHN BULL

is now the only paper that covers you against

ALL HOME ACCIDENTS

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MOTHERWELL.—T. Harrison, 135, Wellington Street.
YNYSHIR.—A. W. Mays, 54, Standard View.
BLAINA.—J. J. Hillman, 151, Abertillery Road.
IPSWICH.—Mrs. B. Garner, Chapel Street, Bildeston.
NORWICH.—W. Gorham, 4, Bakers Road.
TIPTON.—E. Hooper, 295, Dudley Port.
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DUNDEE.—D. Scott, 31, Constitution Road.
CASTLEFORD.—Mrs. Shepherd 29, School Street, Wheldon Lane.
KILMARNOCK.—Mrs. J. Wilson, 3, Fulton Lane.
HULL.—Mrs. M. E. Havercroft, 14, Beaconsfield Road, Cornwall Street.
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MARDY.—E. Mills, 27, Edward Street.
SHIPTON GORGE, DORSET.—T. Marsh, Chapel Street.

OTHER papers insure only against fractures in the home, but "John Bull" covers its readers against Home Accidents of every description. It is not necessary to break an arm or a leg before you are entitled to Compensation. Under this benefit alone 'John Bull' has made payments to 1,695 READERS during the last six months. Over 200 readers benefit again this week on account of Fire, Sickness or Accident in the Home. Here are a few of their names. Total claims paid to date 4767.

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MIDSOMER NORTON.—Mrs. G. Whittock, 24, Radstock Road.
ELTHAM, S.E. 9.—W. A. Weeks, 11, Rifle Road, Well Hall.
PRESCOT.—D. Williams, 23, Cook Street, Whiston.
DUDLEY.—W. Baxter, 13, Leven Street, Hasslerig.
PORT TALBOT.—T. J. Evans, Tonmawr Villa, Tonmawr.
MAIDSTONE.—Mrs. F. Metters, 50, Queen Street.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. S. Malone, 46, Circus Street.
THORNABY - ON - TEES.—Mrs. Terry, 41, Denmark Street.
SWANSEA.—T. J. Thomas, "Brynhead," Garrod Avenue, Dunvant.
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Sickness Benefits £5 5s.

towards medical attendance for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Typhoid Fever, Smallpox, Typhus Fever, Mumps, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "spotted" fever) Measles, Anthrax.

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COMSHALL.—R. H. Underwood, The Lane.

Home Accidents £3 per week.

BENGOED.—Mrs. E. Pembridge, 29, Derwen Deg, Garden Village.
CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs. J. D. Askey, 30, Boythorpe Avenue, Boythorpe.
HASTINGS.—F. Cross, 25, Priory Street.
KIRKCALDY.—Mrs. M. Davidson, 42, St. Clair Street.
SOUTHAMPTON.—Mrs. A. Heathorn, 11 Portsmouth Road, Woolston.
CARDENDEN.—Mrs. T. Smith, Long Row, Denend.

Home Accidents £1 per week.

GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE.—J. F. Atkin, 22, Melbourne Street.
NORWICH.—J. Bowthorpe, 34, Wingfield Road.
CASTLEFORD.—G. H. Bell, 37, Hunt Street, Lock Lane.
MUSSELBURGH, N.B.—E. Bonner, 3 Cairds Row, Fisherrow.
ABERTRIDWR, MON.—E. Davies, 100, High Street.
SWANSEA.—W. Davies, Carmel Road, Llansamlet.
HIGHAM FERRERS.—J. O. Eaton, 2, Wellingborough Road.
BARNSLEY.—F. Evans, 14, Kitroyd Cottages, Jump.
TRODDYRHIW. — Mrs. I. Evans, "Hyfrydfa."
ST. HELENS.—Mrs. A. Hatton, 51, Havelock Street.
KENFIG HILL.—Mrs. J. Jones, 22, Station Road.
HACKNEY ROAD, N.E.—C. S. Lowell, 85, Weymouth Terrace.
NEWCASTLE - ON - TYNE.—Mrs. C. McGowan, 51, Beaumont Terrace, Westerhope.
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.—Mrs. J. Mabe, 62, York Road.
CASTLEFORD.—Mrs. M. J. Owens, 47, Grafton Street, Glasshoughton.
ABERSYCHAN.—Mrs. T. Paul, 14, Old Road.
ILKESTON.—A. Pitts, 4, Prince Court, Nottingham Road.
TUNSTALL.—F. Salmon, 16, Williamson Street.
TOOTING, S.W. 17.—Mrs. E. M. Spikes, 67, Nutwell Street.
BATH.—C. Sweetman, 1, Nelson Villa, Upper Weston.
LEITH, N.B.—Mrs. M. Thatcher, 24, East Cromwell Street.
MARDY.—T. Williams, 11, Hill Street.
HULL.—Mrs. B. Vedtel, 106, Day Street, Anlaby Road.
GATESHEAD - ON - TYNE.—Mrs. Willis, 32, Sutherland Street.
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Send no money whatsoever

WHAT is your time worth? How much time do you waste over hunting for a Pencil, sharpening one, or wrestling with a blunt point?
Here is a beautiful 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil which "John Bull" wants you to accept FREE! This free Gift is made to introduce the new model "John Bull" 5/6 Pen, complete with clip—the pen which has created such a sensation. You would have to pay at least 10/6 for another pen equally as good.
Send no money—just sign the coupon below and both the Pen and Pencil will be sent you on a 3-day trial. Sign now!

—CUT HERE—

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Send me your new model 5/6 John Bull Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (postage free), and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 3 days from receipt.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with this application cross P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull."
"J. B." 19.5.23. DATE..... .....

Sign away your worries here.

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J.B. 19.5.23. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)
Address .....
.....
Name and Address of Newsagent .....
Date .....
Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A full policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

—CUT HERE—

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
J.B. 19.5.23. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....
Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature .....
Address .....
Date .....

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Prepaid Rate : 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

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MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 46, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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ADD TO YOUR WEEKLY EARNINGS
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GRAND VALUE.
Cash or Easy Terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Thousands of testimonials. Men in regular work, apply to FREEMANS, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

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KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; free tuition; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send one penny stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 10b, 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

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£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 20/-. No previous experience necessary. — Write for particulars, H. Lovaine (Dept. J.B.), 142, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

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A NEW SUIT, Raincoat, Costume, Boots, Cycle, Gold Wrist-Watch or Ring on easy terms, from 4/- monthly.—Write for price list and illustrations. — Masters, Ltd., 52, Hope Stores, Rye.

CYCLISTS, A GRAND GIFT!—If you want 30/- guaranteed better value in Cycles, best Cord Fabric Tyres at fully 25 per cent. saving, and all accessories at absolute bedrock prices, write for our 144-page catalogue. Big and costly as it is, with its hosts of fine illustrations, nevertheless, it's yours entirely free. We care not what other lists you've seen, if it's a bigger, better, cheaper market you need, this book is emphatically your best friend.—Send no money, but drop a postcard NOW to Moorhouse, Ltd., Dept. 60, Padiham, Burnley.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 6½d.; write for free pattern book. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

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CAMERAS by leading British makers at Bargain Prices on Easy Terms. Catalogue of full range of models post free.—J. G. GRAVES, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

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Government Surplus. Unused but soiled.
SPADES: 3 for 2/6, 6 for 4/6 } Free
SHOVELS: 3 for 5/3, 6 for 10/- } on
Or 2 Spades and 1 Shovel for 3/- } Rail.
Worth double. Unique opportunity. Special quotations to dealers for quantities. Single Spades 1/6, single Shovels 2/6, carr. 2d. Send cheque or P.O. with order.—A. C. Co. (Dept. B.), 20, Bevis Marks, E.C.3.

YOUR INITIALS IN GOLD stamped free on our real morocco Cigarette and Treasury Note Cases. Beautiful leather, superb finish. Special offer, 2/11, post free.—May, Anderson & Co., 2, Home Park Parade, Hampton Wick.

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LIVESTOCK.

YOUNG talking parrots and cages from 40/-. Singing Canaries 15/-. Livestock list free.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only. Patterns free. —Harris Tweed Dept., 1, James St., Stornoway.

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REAL HARRIS TWEED from Loom to Wearer, reduced to 6/- a yard. All wool, handmade, ideal for Sporting and Negligée wear. Patterns post free.—Mrs. Morrison, Dept. J.B., Laverburgh, Harris, N.B.

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TRAINS YOU FOR A POSITION.
Fees from 3 guineas.
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HOW to secure a congenial Government, Municipal or Secretarial position in the shortest possible time. — Address, Principal, Sanitary Training College, 338, High Holborn, London.

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THE CURE FOR WORMS. — Be your own Doctor. "Artico" Worm Tablets are a specialist's Cure in tablet form, and positively and permanently cure violent cases. No fasting, no dieting, no interference daily habits. Generous supply, 1/6, post paid, with proof of cure. Send to-day.—Ridyard Tablet Co., Mfg. Chemists, 24-26, High Street, Codnor, Derbyshire.

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Continued on page 25.

Jumping for Joy

Here's happiness for you! These three frisky youngsters simply bubble over with activity and light-hearted jollity. Their happiness never fails them, for it comes from within—its basis is robust health.

You too can be healthy and vigorous, joyous and care-free—if you only know the way. It's all a question of keeping the blood-stream clear.

If your blood-stream is not clear, it is because your internal organs are not working as they should. Your liver and kidneys have lost much of their activity, with the result that impurities are beginning to collect in the body. Hence comes headaches, tiredness, depression, lack of interest in work and play.

You need Kruschen Salts to cleanse the blood-stream and remove every impurity from the body. As much as will lie on a sixpence, taken every morning in your breakfast cup of tea, effectively clears your system of the poisonous waste matter that is robbing you of energy, and sends new, refreshed blood coursing through your system. Headaches, lassitude, all the little ills that worry you now quickly disappear. You feel younger, healthier, better able to enjoy all the good things of life.

There are over five million jolly Kruschen Optimists. Begin the habit of Health *at once*, and you will soon be one of them. Get a bottle to-day and start a new existence.

Tasteless in Tea

Put as much in your breakfast cup as will lie on a sixpence. It's the little daily dose that does it.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

A 1s. 9d. bottle of Kruschen Salts contains 96 doses—enough for three months—which means good health for less than a farthing a day. The dose prescribed for daily use is "as much as will lie on a sixpence," taken in the breakfast cup of tea. Every chemist sells Kruschen. Get a 1s. 9d. bottle to-day and start to-morrow.

TWICE as many Cigarettes for your Money

You can now enjoy cigarettes at pre-war price. Although the Tobacco Duty is still more than double pre-war, Godfrey Phillips Ltd., London, lead the way with

Godfrey Phillips'

DERBY

CIGARETTES

10 for 3D. In card packet with picture.

5 for 1½D. In card packet.

20 for 6D. 2 pictures.

Ask your Tobacconist To-day.

Godfrey Phillips Limited, London & Manchester.

"Whenever we have produced an antiseptic which can be taken internally without risk of injury to cell-tissue, we will have conquered infectious disease."—LORD LISTER.

'YADIL'

The antiseptic which will make the British Isles the first country in the world free from tuberculosis is obtainable from all chemists, including all Branches of Boots:—2 oz., 2s.; 6 oz. 3s. 6d.; pint, 9s. 6d.; quart, 17s.; postage, 5d., 6d., 9d. and 1s. Every 6 oz. and larger size has a coupon for free copy of THE YADIL BOOK. Interesting Booklet sent post-free on request. Address Clement and Johnson Limited, 19, Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1.

Pronounce it YAH-DIL.

ALTHOUGH the seasonal drop in cost of milk does not even balance the big rise in sugar, there is at present no increase in the price of

NESTLÉ'S MILK

THE RICHEST IN CREAM

which is consequently cheaper than ever.

Cash Prices 6d. and 11½d. per tin.

Write for the Nestlé Recipe Book—Free on request.

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Vol. XXXIII. No. 835.
Week ending Saturday,
May 19, 1923. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Gerrard 9866
Telegrams: Heroically, London

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Action, Please!
While there is a surplus of cattle all over the Empire, meat in England is at famine prices. There is scandalous profiteering somewhere.

Some Peace!
Central Europe alone has 2,000,000 men under arms. With all this mad expenditure it is no wonder that economics are in a state of chaos.

It's Your Money.
A new palace has been built for the British Government in Tanganyika at a cost of £54,000. Squandermania is still at work in Whitehall.

A Game of Grab.
Parliament will fail in its duty if it allows the re-assessment of property to proceed unchecked. It is simply an income tax ramp—a barefaced squeezing of tenant and householder.

Badly Served.
Blunder after blunder has convinced some members of the Government at least that they are badly served by their Law Officers. Don't be surprised at a few changes.

Tax Dodgers.
Have the authorities ever thought of comparing the salaries paid in Whitehall with the amounts declared by some of the recipients for taxing purposes? If half we hear is true, inquiry here might bring much to the Exchequer.

Find Out!
The mine owners accuse the railway companies of being responsible for the price of coal, and the railways return the compliment. The miners don't know, but they want an enquiry. Meanwhile the consumer pays.

Still Blundering.
The minions of the Postmaster-General find time to intercept letters addressed to the promoters of a perfectly honest sweep, but are too busy to stop one of the millions of circulars for swindling sweeps now pouring into this country. Why?

Still Billing and Cooing.
In Whitehall they have just compiled a new list of indispensables who are to escape the axe. On the list are many women who are retained because they have found favour in the sight of their chiefs. What about an examination to test indispensability?

Why Delay?
A definite decision has been taken to evacuate Mesopotamia in four years But if in four years, why not now?

A Chance to Work.
A world timber famine is threatened, especially in England. Why not utilise the unemployed on a thorough-going scheme of afforestation?

It Would!
The Ministry of Health has issued a circular which blames the cow for the adulteration of milk. Will someone tell us just what use this comic department is?

No "Hushing Up."
The L.C.C. auditor says there are "unsatisfactory features" about the accounts of the education department. This is a grave charge and must be sifted to the bottom.

Long Overdue.
To deal with international crime it is proposed to establish an international police. Splendid—but it must be unfettered and free from red-tape formalities.

"If You See It in 'J. B.'——"
Our exposure of the scandal of the Chinese Puk-a-poo gambling craze that is ruining the East End has been effective. The police raided a den last week and caught a gang red-handed, including white boys and girls. Follow it up!

Typical!
Japan is to introduce an English invention for removing carbon monoxide from household gas. When the Board of Trade has finished "watching" perhaps they will give England the chance of profiting by an English invention.

Are They Crazy?
The Ministry of Transport proposes to demolish some newly built houses at Cheam to make way for a relief road. It is a measure of the lack of understanding of the housing problem possessed by the Government.

The Net Sales of
JOHN BULL
are the largest of any 2d. weekly periodical in the world—
and they are
still going up!

They Need Protection.
There is an alarming increase in the number of night accidents to cyclists. Those rear lights must be made compulsory.

Poor Pussyfoot!
According to doctors the poison of botulism is readily destroyed by alcohol. Another nail in the coffin of prohibition.

Quite Typical.
An abandoned Government concrete ship at Cardiff has cost up to date £1,615 in dock duties and £303 in caretaker's wages. No one seems to care.

A Good Suggestion.
The London Trades Council, in demanding legislation to penalise landlords who refuse to accept tenants with children, is quite right. Such men are inhuman and anti-social.

Turning a Blind Eye.
It is a sad commentary on modern society that with grave social problems on every hand all the Church can find to discuss is the revision of the prayer book!

That's the Stuff.
More magistrates are inflicting imprisonment on the brutes who torture animals. It's the only way. Fines never had, and never will have, the least effect.

Real Birth Control.
Dr. R. A. Gibbons wants mental defectives to be sterilised and certificates of health issued to all about to marry. Properly safeguarded there's a lot to be said for these suggestions.

The Better Way.
Lord Newton is attempting the impossible in the effort to stop people advertising on hoardings. But there is no reason why advertisements should not be beautiful—which is the real solution of the problem.

The "Key" Man.
If the Labour Party wants a job it might do worse than look into the case of Kinema operators. They work long hours in vile and almost unbearable boxes that are a literal death-trap in many instances.

A Scandal.
When will the authorities take action in regard to the blackmail levied on citizens on the jury list? It is notorious that the man who regularly oils the palm of the proper officer can escape service, but he who refuses is summoned.

Ingratitude.
"There is no treachery or meanness of which a politician is not capable," said Dizzy through the mouth of a character. He knew, and so will Mr Bonar Law if he does not take immediate action to checkmate the men now plotting against him.

Shaking Hands with Death.

At Islington old-age pensioners have to repair to the Cemetery Department at the Town Hall for their weekly allowances. A callous arrangement.

Nowhere to Sleep.

Barefooted and in chains A. H. Wagstaffe entered the Ministry of Health to inform Mr. Neville Chamberlain that the conditions of casual wards are a disgrace to civilisation. He pointed out that thousands of ex-Service men have to resort to these filthy shelters. Therein lies the disgrace.

Notice to Quit—Accepted.

Poor old Hobson Lowes farmed Low Mill Farm, near Lanchester, for over thirty years. When the farm changed hands he received notice to quit on May Day, and, becoming depressed, shot himself. The Coroner returned a verdict of "Suicide while of unsound mind." It might well have been "Died of a broken heart."

Rooting Out the Dope Dealers.

Only by promptly laying their hands upon the dope traffickers in their districts can the police in Manchester, Liverpool and some other northern cities save many poor women drug victims from scandals that mean ruin to lives and homes. Certain well-known resorts are the venues of dope-dealers in Manchester, who are doing a big trade secretly. The police have obtained valuable information and must act.

Isolate the Beasts.

The excuse offered by John Colwell Edden, of Willesborough, for indecently assaulting a little girl of eight, was that he had six pints of ale and two or three drops of gin. He said he went up the hill to walk this little lot off and did not recollect committing the offence. He's a cad and a liar, but the three months' hard that he is doing cannot atone for the enormity of his act. Such crimes mark the criminal out as unfit for human society.

A Dog and a Demon.

That he gripped his dog by the throat until the blood spurted from its eyes, nose and mouth, and then seized it by the hind legs and swung it against a stone wall until its head was smashed to pulp, was the evidence given against Bert Simons in the Ystradgynlais Police Court. The Bench considered the frightful atrocity sufficiently punished by a fine of £3. Surely Cerberus, the watch-dog of the infernal regions, will see that such demons are kept in a super-heated chamber!

Honour Where Honour is Due.

Two young Hastings fishermen, George Gallop and Glencoe Veness, risked their lives for five hours in rescuing a dog which had fallen down a cliff. Their gallantry has been brought to the notice of the R.S.P.C.A., and medals are to be awarded them. We are wondering what sort of testimonial should be given to the owner of the animal, who delightedly received it with the exclamation "It's the finest dog I've got!" and presented the rescuers with a shilling each!

Money or Life.

The baby son of Mr. F. H. Crane, of Shadwell Street, Norwich, was taken seriously ill with bronchial pneumonia, and the doctor, realising that the only hope of saving his life lay in proper treatment in an institution, made arrangements for his immediate admission to the Norwich Infirmary. After several hours' delay, during which the distracted father was badgered with enquiries as to how much he could pay, the child was taken in, but died the next morning. To some Poor Law officials the life of a child seems to be of small account compared with the sacredness of the money bags.

Mercy for a Horse Maimer.

Thomas Scott, a hawker, was sent to jail for a month at Highgate for working a horse with terrible sores. At Chatham Police Court Harry Cheeseman, a hawker, was fined £10 for "levelling" a pony. This brutal practice consists in deliberately injuring a foreleg when the other has been lamed. Cheeseman is the worst offender and yet he is free.

2s. Worth of Birth Control.

George C. Foster, of 11, Plashet Lane, E., is a very pushing disciple of Dr. Marie Stopes. He will "give away" for a mere two shillings, the obnoxious information for which the "lady" charges six shillings; but if you can satisfy him that you are really poor, Foster will send the whole bag of tricks for absolutely nothing. When are these specious quasi-philanthropists going to be finally throttled?

A Pigeon Clock Crook.

Henry Charles Weston's long run as an advertising fraud is, we hope, permanently closed. He specialised in timing clocks for pigeon races. He pocketed the money sent for these; subsequent letters, inquiring why the clocks were not forwarded, he returned to the senders. Out of one advertisement he made nearly £60. His roguery is suspended for six months—he is in jail. Other similar rascals should take warning by his fate.

False Charge Against a Child.

Mrs. Russell, Fitzwarren Street, Pendleton, missed her diamond ring and accused her day help, a child of fifteen, of being a thief. The ring had been picked up in the street by an honest woman, who some weeks later learnt who its owner was and returned it to Mrs. Russell. Yet the child was put on her trial for theft when there was no evidence against her, as the jury decided when they stopped the case. A scandal which must be investigated.

A Private Pesterer.

An individual signing himself "J. A. Lubbock" is writing personal letters to perfect strangers from 1, West Cromwell Road, Kensington, London, S.W., commencing "Being a private individual with idle capital to dispose of, I can arrange an advance for you," and concluding "No business done on money-lending lines." We dislike his private pestering quite as much as the more blatant methods of Shylocks who do not shun publicity, and would give him just as wide a berth.

Patients or Prisoners?

Four hundred patients at the Ministry of Pensions Hospital, Knotty Ash, Liverpool, are wondering whether they have strayed into a prison by mistake. An order has been posted in every ward that all patients must be in hospital at 5.30 p.m. unless granted a late pass till 9.30 p.m., which is issued only to those who have spent the day in the workshops. With summer time in force such a regulation can hardly be conducive to contentment. We hope the Medical Superintendent will see fit to withdraw it.

Coloured Quackery.

A reader who wrote to Worcester for particulars of an advertised treatment for chest complaints received a reply addressed from 9, North Brink, Wisbech, Cambs, although the envelope bore the Worcester postmark. The writer, who signs himself "A. Abassa," says, "I have made many radical remedies for asthma and bronchitis. The preparations of the same cost a great deal of money. Nevertheless, I will undertake to put you right for £10." He is obviously a coloured quack who would be better employed coaling ships at Port Said.

Life Destructors.

A problem within a problem. That is how the housing question must present itself to the Yarmouth Corporation. But surely they will not be insane enough to build dwelling-houses side by side with the dust destructor. If they do dust will not be the only thing destroyed.

Cleethorpe's Jumbled Justice.

A parcel left on a Cleethorpe's seat was returned to the owner. The magistrates agreed that the man who found it had not intended to steal yet they fined him £1. When the Clerk pointed out that the magistrates must be satisfied the man meant to steal, the chairman, a Mr. J. H. Turner, replied: "We shall have to assume he took it intentionally then." God help innocent men in Cleethorpes.

Live and Let Live.

Near Barnes a disabled man has been set up in business with a coffee-stall by the Ministry of Pensions. He has a wife and five children to keep on an allowance of 12s. 6d. a week. To add to his difficulties, a man otherwise employed during the day, whose wife and only son are both earning money, occupies an adjacent pitch during the few hours at night when there is business to be done. It is up to the Barnes boys to see that the poor fellow is not starved out.

Heroism Penalised.

William Marvele, an unemployed Newcastle electrician, saved his friend's life by voluntarily giving his own blood. The over-smart officials of the Labour Exchange saw that he was carrying his arm in a sling, and instead of recommending him for an extra grant, they stopped his dole, saying he had unfitted himself for a job. Even if he gets sick benefits Marvele will be a loser. If Newcastle's M.P. doesn't make somebody's ears burn he deserves to lose his seat.

Who Married this Girl?

Who permitted little May Florence Walker, of Salford, at fifteen to become a wife, and why? Who performed the ceremony? They, in a measure, are responsible for her unhappiness, for the broken lives that led to broken vows, and the culminating tragedy of her appearance in the role of a bigamist at 22. Treated badly by her husband, was it to be wondered at that she sought another partner? Her judge was merciful. Now happiness must be brought to one so sorely tried.

The Ideal Mill.

If the Lancashire and Yorkshire mill owners live up to the sentiments some of them expressed at the Textile Institute, at Manchester, they have hit on the right remedy for Bolshevism, Socialism and all other evils. One employer said he wanted to see the mills a little less like dungeons and a little more humane. Mr. Emsley, of Bradford, followed this up with the very practical remark that if they became more humane, it would not mean that they would make less profits. These hard-headed northerners are on the right track.

Fatal Delays.

We would like to know all the truth about the case of James Crust, who died in the East Ashford Infirmary. Dr. A. C. McVitie rang up Mr. J. T. Burtonwood, the relieving officer, on the Saturday, and gave instructions that Crust was to be removed to the Infirmary by ambulance at once. But it was not until Monday that this was done. When Crust arrived in a most serious condition the Matron sent for the House Doctor—Dr. Fox—at 3.40; but the doctor did not arrive until 7.30. Meanwhile Crust had died. Why were there these delays? And why could not another doctor have been sent for? The public has a right to an answer.

Loyalty Penalised.

Retired naval officers who rejoined for the war have been repaid for their loyalty by losing 75 per cent. of the pensions that they had earned by long years of service. This grossly unfair treatment is not meted out to retired military officers, we notice, and we should like to know whose senseless decision this is and when it will be put right?

Tommy-rot About Wembley.

A statement has been made by the Board of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley that "for the future, means will be devised to 'ration' the number of people *allowed* to travel to the Stadium." What rot! We presume this may mean a lottery in which, perhaps, two tickets will be available for each town and village. Why not make proper arrangements on the ground?

Do Undies Undermine Morals?

Down Camberwell way cleanliness appears to be feared as an invention of the devil. The tenants of houses on the Camberwell Housing Estate at Herne Hill have been notified that the drying of linen in the gardens on Sundays will be treated as a breach of the regulations. Are the local goody-goodies afraid that the sight of snowwhite undies may have a demoralising effect? They might at least grant a dispensation in the case of baby-linen.

Indecent Films for Niggers.

Dirty American films that show worse-than-naked white women being fondled by sensuous brutes are being lapped up by black and yellow men in all parts of the world. The coloured races pine for the opportunity to maul white girls about as they see them on the screen, and piteous is the plight of the white girls they get in their power. It is time the police in all parts of the Empire seized these pornographic pictures and burnt them.

Passes for Policemen.

Police-constables are complaining that the questions that they have to answer in their examination tests are too severe, and in many cases have no possible bearing on police duties. We agree with the Home Office's object of raising the standard of the Police Service, but this can only be done by the exercise, on the part of the Home Office, of common sense. A man is not a better constable just because he can explain the meaning of the words "symbol" and "cymbal."

A Theatrical Rascal.

That rascal James O'Connor, of the bogus and disreputable Globe Vaudeville Agency, Seymour Street, Liverpool, is now in the prison cell at Kirkdale which has long been waiting for him. In every way O'Connor was wrong. He fleeced artistes in need of jobs, and stranded companies. Some artistes he betrayed had to be helped by a collection. Three of a troupe of young children he left to walk many miles to their homes. O'Connor's fate should be a warning to other similar rogues.

The Countess and the Campers.

During recent years Abergele has been the rendezvous for summer camps for many boys' brigades, largely composed of poor lads who are cooped up in slums for the remainder of the year. At the end of last season, to everyone's amazement, the Countess of Dundonald, who is the largest landowner in the district, issued notices to all her tenants to cease sub-letting their fields for such purposes. If the Countess persists in her attitude, hundreds of children will be deprived of a health-giving holiday, and *noblesse oblige* will have lost all meaning.

Admiralty Profiteering.

So heavy are the Admiralty's charges for docking at Portsmouth that private ship repairing there is being throttled out of existence. For refitting a ship the Admiralty charge three times as much for docking as would be charged at a private yard. To encourage local industry the Admiralty ought to be content to cover actual costs only.

Wake up, Wigan.

Seven Wigan families of twenty-five persons are compelled to live in nine small rooms because of the house shortage in the borough. They have no bathroom, and only one water-tap under which both sexes can wash. The water used has to be thrown out of the windows. This is only a part of Wigan's sad story. It is time its Corporation woke up!

Discouraging Sportsmen.

After winning the Northern Counties Amateur Boxing Association Light Weight Championship in March, E. F. C. Jacobs, of Hull, wrote to the Hon. Sec. of the Association, asking whether his expenses as a selected competitor for the Alexandra Palace Tournament might be paid, as he had been out of employment for eighteen months. Up to this day that official has not deigned to reply. A strange way of encouraging would-be representatives of Britain in the Olympic Games!

Looking for Gratitude.

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

IT is a common human weakness to complain that those upon whom we confer benefits are not sufficiently grateful to us.

No doubt the charge is too often well founded. Average human nature has a short memory for favours and feels it irksome to be under obligation.

Vanity and self-love are, in part, the cause of this. The successful man likes to feel that he owes his position to his own worth and not to someone else. He is tempted to forget the helping hand of days gone by or he may persuade himself that he could have done as well without it.

But this is not the whole of the matter. A benefit is apt to appear greater to him who gives than to him who receives.

A generous action may cost the doer more than he who profits by it can readily understand.

Nothing is more foolish than to insist upon gratitude when it is not spontaneously tendered, and nothing more futile than to look upon it as a right.

Gratitude is not a right but an amenity. Ingratitude harms no one so much as the ingrate.

It is an ugly spirit which prompts the doer of a kindness to harp on its meritoriousness.

When we have a service to render we should render it without expecting deference in return.

It is what we are specially privileged in being able to do.

Generally speaking, the benefactor owes to mere good fortune the power that makes another his beneficiary.

Were conditions reversed neither the one nor the other would necessarily be more or less deserving than they respectively are in their present relations.

It is fitting and right that he who owes something to another's goodness of heart should be ready to acknowledge the fact ungrudgingly.

It is equally fitting and right that he who bestows the favour should refrain from making claims in consequence.

Do a good deed and dismiss it from mind.

The Betting Farce.

The Mayor of Grimsby told the local Chief Constable that he objected to fining people for street betting while others could bet by telephone with impunity, and left the bench while a betting case was being heard. A sensible and effective method of protesting against our ridiculous Betting Laws.

Preference for Foreigners.

Quite a wordy warfare took place at the last meeting of the Portsmouth Town Council as to whether an Italian named Gaetano Dagostino or an ex-Service man should be allowed to rent a vacant stall on the beach for the sale of ice-cream. Then the Council adjourned for a later spasm of talking. But there is nothing to talk about—an unnaturalised alien must not have priority over an ex-Service man. That's all!

Jail for the Insane.

The Authorities should without any delay order an inquiry into the mental condition of Ernest Dunbar Cairns, "the Sugar King," once of Watermouth Castle, near Ilfracombe, now serving six months in a Devonshire jail for concealing assets during bankruptcy. On two occasions he has been under treatment in asylums. It would be as well also to ascertain whether Cairns was medically examined before he was committed to prison.

Troubled Trouble Hunter.

J. W. Cunningham used to be a horticulturist. That is why he thought the War Office was green. He had the cool cheek to claim £60,000 for the loss of his business at Moulton, Lincs, saying that soldiers searched his house in September, 1914, a crowd shoved him under the village pump, and nobody would trade with him. He had a German governess and was summoned for carrying a loaded revolver. He asked for trouble, and he found it.

Foot-slogging in India.

While a fleeting interest in the North-West Frontier remains, we should like to ask why two British battalions—The Border Regiment and The Welch Regiment—should have been compelled to March 200 miles to Raymak while Indian troops were sent by train as far as Bannu to save them foot-slogging half the distance. We have every admiration for the marching powers of the British Army, but there is such a thing as driving a willing horse to death.

Bournemouth Pecksniffs.

At the request of the local Hospital Committee, the Directors of a Bournemouth kinema promised to provide a Sunday evening entertainment, and the orchestra and staff gladly volunteered their gratuitous services. When application was made to the Council for the necessary permit, however, it was refused mainly at the instigation of certain well-known Pecksniffians. The shame and scandal of it is that the Council run Sunday concerts for profit while refusing to sanction a most praiseworthy effort in aid of a deserving charity.

Lessons for a Magistrate.

When a youth of sixteen who was driving a motor-cycle with his mother in the side-car was charged at Coventry with failing to stop when requested to do so, Alderman Lee, who presided, met a plea of inadvertence with the abrupt remark, "He will be fined £5!" The monstrous penalty would have been enforced but for a colleague on the Bench, through whose intervention it was reduced to 10s. Alderman Lee, whose heavy sentences are notorious, seems to be badly in need of instruction in the duty of a Magistrate.

Spying in Society

U.S. Press Hirelings

IT is high time that something was done to purge the Court and higher circles of Society of the contemptible gossip-mongers who allow their greed to make them forget all the decencies of social life.

It may sound incredible to those who know only the older type of Society folk with whom it was second nature to observe rigidly the unwritten law on the subject, but of late there has come into prominence a type of Society woman who is ready to hire herself out to the highest bidder as a retailer of gossip regarding the private affairs of the families honouring her as a guest.

"I am received at Court. I move in the most exclusive Society circles, and can obtain first-hand information of the nature you require regarding the Royal Family and the aristocracy."

This is a passage from a letter written by one of these "ladies" to an American syndicate at present unloading columns of malicious gossip concerning European royalties and other celebrities, and there is no doubt that the writer did not in the least exaggerate her own importance in the Social World.

The demands of these mercenaries are extravagant in the extreme, but as they are ready to prove their ability to "deliver the goods" for which there is an abnormal demand in America just now they are hired.

Hardly a day passes that these "ladies" do not unload some more or less reliable story about royalty or the aristocracy of this country. They have already found at least twenty brides for the Prince of Wales, and they are now at work supplying imaginative details of the attention which they say His Royal Highness is paying to another lady and forecasting his early marriage.

If they stopped here one might pardon them, but there are some who do not scruple to drag into the publicity of the American "muck-raking" Press scandalous stories that are undoubtedly the inventions of enemies of the Royal Family.

The type of women referred to will not stop at anything to earn their dollars. A rumour reaches America that a certain person in High Society does not get on too well with his wife. Confirmatory details are wanted. One of the "ladies" on the pay roll gladly undertakes to find her way into the household as a guest, and in this manner obtains the spicy copy she wants.

The scandal is well enough known in spite of the efforts of these dames to keep their identity a secret, for nearly every new applicant for this dirty work for the American Press admits that she has been impressed by the stories of the sums paid to women of her acquaintance for work of this kind, and the astonishing thing is that with so much known no steps are taken to hound from Court and Society the offenders.

Heartless Swindler's Child Decoys

THE following startling facts reveal the extreme dangers of the adoption system as practised by certain charitable institutions. The nonchalant manner in which children are handed over to individuals without proper inquiries having been made calls for the severest condemnation.

IN the interests of boys and girls who are being maintained in institutions supported by public contributions, it is necessary to make a grave protest against carelessness in permitting such children to be adopted and transferred from their control.

As a case in point we consider it a duty to tell the story of the adoption of a little boy named Edward Hood, an inmate of the Barnardo Home at Garden City, Woodford Bridge, which is in the charge of the Rev. Howard Banister, M.A.

This boy was taken away from this institution a few weeks ago by a certain Mr. V. Ll. Abraham, who had undertaken to find him employment.

The boy went to Abraham, who got him a bedroom in Balfour Road, Highbury, which he afterwards shared with him. But he did not find the boy employment.

No adequate enquiries were made to safeguard this orphan. He was simply handed over to Abraham as to whose moral character no information was effectively sought.

If it had been an amazing and almost incredible story would have been discovered. For the man Abraham is not only unfit to have the custody of young boys, but he is unfit to mix with ordinary people with normal standards of honesty and decency of conduct.

Abraham arrived in London from Cardiff at the beginning of this year. He got employment as a clerk in the Advertisement Department of a large firm in Fenchurch Street.

This firm dealt carefully with his references. But Abraham covered this by a letter from Mr. T. Pritchard Rees, one of the best-known business men in Cardiff. This gentleman stated that he had known Abraham for nearly twelve months as apparently respectable and very anxious to obtain employment, and wrote that he had himself tried to get him work.

He got the job. For the first two weeks he was apparently satisfactory. He had been in and out of work for three years. He made up for it by borrowing money from his employer, and by refraining from paying his landlady's bills although he himself was paid weekly. This was his position when he got the boy from Barnardo's.

Abraham did not behave like a man in uncertain circumstances. He took another lad, named Ronald—also a Barnardo boy, whom he was negotiating to adopt—to Messrs. Horne Bros., the well-known outfitters, and ordered for him four suits of clothes. In the role of benefactor he also ordered a suit of clothes for himself.

He had no ready money to pay. So he produced a cheque, payable to himself, drawn on the Cardiff Branch of the National Provincial Bank, and signed by H. J. Wells & Co., supposed to be a well-known shipping firm. Explaining that it was too late to cash this cheque that day he offered to leave it as security against his purchases, promising to call and redeem it within a few days. The cheque was for £1,032.

Messrs. Horne Bros. made enquiries. They consulted Abraham's employers.

Messrs. Horne Bros. also made enquiries regarding the cheque at their bank. It was discovered that there was no such firm as H. J. Wells & Co., having any account at the Cardiff bank on which the cheque was drawn, and that the cheque itself had been purloined from the cheque book of a lady client.

Further enquiries, which we have made, throw an illuminating light on Abraham's character. He owes 25s. 6d. to a fellow lodger for a pair of boots he had taken from him and refrained from paying for. He owes £4 10s. to one of the landladies he lived upon during his three weeks of employment. He owes £12 to another landlord to whose paralysed daughter he gave large bogus orders for basket work—apparently to enhance his credit.

His friendship for young boys has apparently other examples than that of the Barnardo cases. He ordered, and did not pay for, an expensive ebony photograph frame in which had been specially mounted the portraits of two young boys, with a loving inscription centred in a medallion.

We publish this story, because we think it conveys a lesson not only as to the danger of vague testimonials, but as to the even greater danger to the future happiness and welfare of children who may be so easily adopted by disreputable and unscrupulous people like Mr. V. Ll. Abraham.

Abraham has now disappeared. But before passing into obscurity he was proposed for the "1920 Club."

Hood is now happily back at the Barnardo institution. We say emphatically he should never have left it. He was removed by the Barnardo authorities when they had learned how easily they had been duped.

Truly an amazing and almost incredible story. We hope that its lesson will not be lost on the police—who have an obvious duty to perform in connection with the bogus cheque incident—and also upon those whose mission it is to care for the little orphans entrusted to their charge.

A Sanctimonious Scoundrel

William Tavener's Hypocritical Humbug

WILLIAM TAVENER, the sanctimonious swindler whose shady activities have so often been exposed by the searchlight brought to bear upon them by JOHN BULL, is once more hot on the hunt for mugs.

Lured, perhaps, into a false sense of security by the fact that for some time now we have made no reference to his means of livelihood, and hoping that his disgraceful record may have been forgotten, he is conducting a campaign from 6, Brookdale Avenue, Ilfracombe, with the object of extracting money from the simple-minded.

The scheme which he propounds might be regarded as too crack-brained to merit attention, were it not calculated to impose upon trustful small investors whom this hoary-headed scoundrel seeks to entice into his net by a singular mixture of cupidity and hypocrisy.

He is the fountain-head of two concerns called The National House Purchase, Limited, and Quarterly Dividends, Limited. These he at first attempted to register under the Friendly Societies Act, but the Chief Registrar saw through the sham and refused registration, whereupon they were incorporated under the Companies' Act.

To persons with no knowledge whatever of finance, the scheme presents an opportunity of most lucrative investment. The National House Purchase, Limited, announces its readiness to lend money at 3 per cent. per annum "for any reasonable purpose, and to reinvest in Quarterly Dividends, Limited," while the latter professes to put the money in the best and safest securities and pay a dividend every quarter, and figures are quoted to convey the impression that this dividend works out at 80 per cent. per annum!

The idea of such a return on a safe investment is, of course, preposterous, and would be laughed at by any but the most gullible.

Tavener's trump card, however, is to represent his scheme as a Christian work carried on by Christian men and women for the amelioration of poverty and distress. He declares that he sees nothing contrary to the teaching of Christ or the highest ideals of Christianity in encouraging people to get rich through his instrumentality.

Tavener has already been convicted for fraud and our advice to readers is to give him a wide berth.

Monstrous Official Scandal

WHAT could be more disheartening, more capable of wrecking the moral tone of a man than to have his hopes of and aspirations to a better and more prosperous life completely shattered at the very outset? Yet such is the calamity which unfortunately befalls many of the light-hearted people who leave these shores in the great ships bound for Australia. The whole business has reached the stage of a gigantic scandal to which the authorities can no longer close their eyes.

SINCE our exposure of the emigration methods of Australia House, we have been overwhelmed with letters of sympathy with Mrs. Morgan, the widow of a gallant sailor, whose daughter, Sylvia, sailed for Australia under the Australian Government Emigration Scheme and who, up to the present, has been unable to get any information from Australia House as to whether her daughter has landed, or whether she has found a home, or what has happened to her.

We think it a grave scandal that while the authorities at Australia House can write letters to the press suggesting that all is well they have utterly failed to give any information to a distracted mother whose daughter sailed for Tasmania so long ago as last December.

Letters from Australia House which do not give this information are in plain words an impertinence.

* * *

In these circumstances, while we appreciate the desire of Australia to get suitable emigrants from this country, we feel it is a duty to warn the public against believing everything that emanates from the Australian Government's Emigration office in this country.

Sir Arthur Rickard, a distinguished Australian, talking the other day in Sydney of the emigration of girls from this country, said they would be placed in good homes where they would be practically adopted. These are specious promises. We are sorry to say that they are not borne out by the information that has been placed at our disposal.

Doctor A. Salter, M.P. for Bermondsey, says that lads of seventeen and eighteen who have been emigrated to Australia, complain that although their farmer employers are under contract to pay them one pound a week the boys are not getting any money. They are in some cases penniless, without proper clothes or boots, knocked about and ill-treated, and compelled to work from six a.m. till ten p.m.

Doctor Salter is a man of position, and we are sure that he would not make these grave allegations without good reason.

* * *

During the past few days the public of this country has learnt with amazement that thousands of Scottish emigrants for America have been left stranded in Glasgow.

Buoyed up by the false promises in emigration literature they sold up their homes, gave up their positions, said farewell to their friends, only to find on arrival at Glasgow that someone had blundered, and that they cannot sail for America until July.

In the meantime they must fend for themselves, and are in many cases wandering the streets homeless and distressed.

The whole conditions of emigration, particularly those relating to Australia should be fully investigated by the Government. The *Sydney Morning Herald* of 17th February gives an appalling picture of Australia's out-of-works. An employer describes them as flotsam and jetsam who come daily to his door seeking employment.

These poor people are suffering agonies of distress and hunger. Their boots are worn, but clean. Their cuffs are frayed. Their shiny clothes are well-brushed, but visibly thin, and will not afford them much warmth in winter. So they must walk for warmth. They must hunt—hunt for the wherewithal to live.

"Can't you find me a job, mister? I've been out of one for five months now. The wife is expecting to be laid up this week, and I'd like to be in work when it comes. It's pretty hard on her, mister. I've had to sell half my furniture to get my tucker. You see, I've got four others besides them. I'll pull on anything."

If this is the condition of the native-born, the people who know the ropes, is it not a heavy responsibility to take out the green and the ignorant, and dump them down in this land of promises.

Hundreds of Englishmen, enticed to Australia from this country by unfulfilled promises, are out of work and starving in Australia to-day, yearning to get back to the Homeland.

Last week three British ex-Service men were charged at Hull with concealing themselves as stowaways on a vessel bound for England. They told the Magistrate a sad story of their disillusionment, and described Australia as a "land of slavery."

They could not live there on the money they received, being paid only 10s. a week, and food. They complained bitterly that they had to work from five in the morning till late at night, alongside men who earned four guineas a week and who "threw gibes" at them because they were emigrants from England.

* * *

Take the experience of Mr. and Mrs. H. Lewis, of 15, Little Newport Street, W.C., now back in this country. Mr. Lewis gave up a good position to go to Australia. Australia House suggested they should sail on the *Beltana* on April 20th last year. When they came to London they found that the boat would not sail until a week later, and they had to live in a hotel in the interval.

They suffered terribly on the voyage, where they were overcrowded, troubled by heat and rats, and had to pay a shilling for a lemon. One woman was so depressed that she jumped through the porthole and was never seen again—an exact parallel to the *Berrima* on which Sylvia Morgan sailed, and from which a woman was taken off mad.

Mr. Lewis is a musician. When he arrived in Sydney he went to the local union to join up. He was told that he would have to be in the country six months before he would be allowed to work.

If Australia House had told him before he left he would never have gone. He failed to get work. His wife got a job but it did not bring in enough to keep them both. After six months suffering he borrowed the money to come home, where he was laid up for a month recovering from a terrible experience.

Australia House may repudiate responsibility in this case. But we think that it is our duty to give it publicity as a warning to others.

We are not against emigration to Australia when there is a demand for labour there, when the conditions are good, and the organisation for emigrating people from this country is adequate.

We have appealed to Sir Joseph Cook to set Australia House in order. We are fortified in this course by a letter from Mr. F. J. Puss, of 8, Westmoreland Place, South Belgravia, S.W., who writes to us on his own behalf and that of other Australian visitors to England, who apologise to Mrs. Morgan for the supercilious manner with which she has been treated by their officials.

"We expect," writes Mr. Pass, "men to be men and to treat women with respect and kindness." He adds that he and his friends have long been of the opinion that their London office at Australia House needs a thorough overhauling.

We agree, although we should not intervene if it were not for the fact that this department is taking people away from this country, and that there are so many complaints of people being stranded after arrival.

* * *

We give another example of the methods of Australia House. It is the case of a boy named Ronald Oliver Yates, who left England for Australia nearly a year ago.

His mother, who lives at 135, Pedro Street, Clapton, E.5, says that Ronald, with eleven others, emigrated to Australia under the care of Australia House on the 6th July last.

He arrived safely in Adelaide, and as soon as he got there sent an affectionate letter to his mother saying that he had no settled address yet, but would write again as soon as he had.

His mother waited in patience until Christmas, when at the time of family re-unions and fond thoughts the letter she had sent to her son came back to her through the return letter post.

SYLVIA MORGAN.

Deeply distressed, she turned anxiously to Australia House, which replied on 27th December, a fortnight after her letter of appeal, with a formal statement that "communications addressed to your son, as per the enclosed card, will be forwarded to him."

The anxious mother wanted to know where her son was. Australia House could not, and did not, tell her.

Two months later, in deepening despair, she again wrote to Australia House. She received a letter, dated February 28th, which did not give her the information she sought.

The Official Secretary, through one of his deputies, replied that he was at a loss to understand how it was that her letters to her son had been returned "Unknown," but he was making enquiries in Australia with a view to locating her boy.

Seven months after this boy sailed for Australia under the care of Australia House, that department could not say where he was, and after repeated appeals, undertook the belated step of making enquiries.

To these enquiries no reply has yet been received. Australia House, when it writes to the Press, points out that cable facilities are available in such circumstances.

Why have they not been used?

* * *

Is it possible that Australia House does not receive from Australia a list of the emigrants they send out, and a statement as to what becomes of them? If they have such a list, why cannot they say where Sylvia Morgan and Ronald Yates are?

We again venture to direct Sir Joseph Cook's attention to this matter. If we do not speak as strongly as the Australian visitor to this country, Mr. Pass, who says that "white Australians are not fond of bluff and swank, and don't expect it from their paid servants," it is because we feel that this is primarily a matter of Australian domestic politics.

But Australia House is dealing with British emigrants and we do not want to have to deal with any more scandals like the treatment meted out to the widow of a British seaman, Mrs. Morgan, and to the mother of the missing boy, Ronald Yates.

BOY MARTYR OF EARLSWOOD

We appeal to the authorities to investigate this case of a boy-prisoner in an asylum. He is without friends to fight his battle for him. We say it is a bounden duty in such circumstances to look carefully and sympathetically into this matter.

CASE after case of official cruelty to children has been exposed in these columns. The authorities will neither explain nor release their prisoners.

Mr. Hayday, M.P., asked in the House of Commons for an explanation. He has not got it. Mr. Locker-Lampson says that Edith Mansfield is mentally defective, and Dora Thorp not fit for discharge. He adds the astonishing statement that in neither case has the Home Office any further jurisdiction.

Yet the Government is responsible for all the inmates of Industrial Schools. If they cannot release them, who can? Whose prisoners are they?

Is it possible that children may be locked away for life because the officialdom thinks that it has no jurisdiction to rescue them? Surely this blatant nonsense is adding to injury an insult to the intelligence of the public.

Do the authorities responsible disclaim jurisdiction in the case of the Royal Earlswood Institution, at Redhill, Surrey?

This Institution, incorporated by Royal Charter in 1862, has for its motto: "We plead for those who cannot plead for themselves." It is an excellent motto when this Institution is asking for subscriptions. We propose to apply it to the Institution itself.

We plead for the release of a boy named Gordon Duffas, who cannot plead for himself.

This boy has now been a prisoner at Earlswood for five years. He was sent there for one month. He is still there. Unless the authorities shake themselves free of the red tape which seems to restrict all activity, Gordon will be there for life.

His is a tragic story. His father was a clergyman officiating in South America who, five years ago, came to this country, and brought with him his motherless little boy, Gordon. Whilst they were staying on a Gloucester farm the lad was kicked in the head by a horse. Having no home in this country, he was sent to Earlswood for a month's rest. The month has dragged into five years, and he is still a prisoner.

In the meantime his father died suddenly, and the boy remains a helpless inmate of Earlswood. Nobody wants him, nobody asks for his release. He is simply a forgotten orphan and a victim of hide-bound officialdom, lack of initiative, and want of jurisdiction.

He is an intelligent boy, and works in the printer's shop. He is now twenty-three, and wants to work at his trade outside. It is his right. It is withheld from him. He is very useful at Earlswood, where one of his duties is to look after an imbecile boy, of morally objectionable habits, whom he has to wash and dress.

He is keen on sports, and follows the football and cricket results as far as he can learn them with great keenness. It is his ambition to play in a good team if ever he is able to get outside his prison-house.

A representative of this journal saw Duffas a little while ago. Passing through the Institution grounds, our commissioner saw a railed enclosure, in which a bearded man, of unkempt appearance, with a bandaged forehead, made ferocious gestures at the passer-by, and muttered wild and incoherent threats.

Why was that child herded with this man and with others almost as dreadful to look upon?

It is a horrible and inhuman system. It is a menace to the poor unhappy people caught up in its toils.

These are the surroundings in which poor Gordon Duffas must eat his heart out for the rest of his life because nobody wants him, and nobody cares to intervene on his behalf.

Will those whose duty it is to advise the Home Secretary, look again into his jurisdiction and give this boy his liberty and save his sanity and perhaps his life.

We plead for those who cannot plead for themselves!

A MAN WE'D LIKE TO HANG

The infamous Aleister Crowley, who has been expelled from Italy, proposes to return to this country. He is not wanted here. We do not want a man of his record on British soil. Apart from anything else, he is a beast whose disloyalty is only exceeded by his impudence.

THE Italian police, who have been kept informed of our revelations concerning Aleister Crowley, the debased and blasphemous person who both preaches and practises corruption, have taken the appropriate action. They have ordered him peremptorily to leave their country within seven days, and never to return.

So far, so good. It is at least a tribute to public decency that this man should be bundled unceremoniously out of his Abbey at Cefalu, where he practised his horrible rites and perverted his victims.

But clearly what is required is concerted international police action. Otherwise Crowley will simply transfer his malevolent activities elsewhere, and continue to find fresh followers. At present his intention after a short stay in Paris, where he is at the moment, is to come to London. This must not be allowed.

He has written to his agent in London, the notorious Jane Wolff, to outline this programme. Jane Wolff has not been surprised at the expulsion of the "Master" from Italy. Crowley had to leave America with almost equal precipitancy, when the police of the United States were on his track some time ago.

Probably Crowley expected such a development himself. Hence his recent visit to England. He was not able to complete his arrangements, however, owing to the publicity given to him in our columns, and he returned hurriedly to Sicily.

Jane Wolff in the meantime is taking a holiday in this country, and proposes to go for a tour of the Surrey Hills, and after that to make a journey through the West of England. She declares that the police cannot touch her, although she was much annoyed at their activity after our article describing the interview with her by our Special Commissioner, of whose identity she was at the time unaware.

Detectives called at the address in Russell Square, W.C., given in that article, and as a consequence of our exposure, the landlady made it clear to Jane Wolff that her presence was undesirable, and requested her to go at the earliest possible moment.

Crowley himself is much more wary. But even he does not make any secret of his identity and character. When he went to Sicily he merely changed his name from Aleister Crowley to Alastor de Kerval. He took with him, in addition to Jane Wolff, another woman who is the mother of two of his children, and who calls herself Countess Lea Harcourt. They opened a joint banking account at the Banca de Sicilia, with a deposit of some thousands of francs in bonds; and all cheques drawn were to be signed by both, Alastor de Kerval, Knight of the Sacred Lance, and Countess Lea Harcourt, Virgin Priestess of the San Grail—or Holy Grail. An astonishing mummery indeed, which might well have aroused local suspicion.

Gradually things began to leak out at Cefalu, and one of the consequences was, after our articles had reached Italy, a raid by the local police. The Abbey was searched for opium and other drugs, but the search was unsuccessful.

Crowley was rather pleased. He was able to point out to his followers how easily he had duped the police, and the seances were renewed with every circumstance of blasphemous indecency.

The Italian police, the American police, and the British police have all dossiers concerning this man. Obviously it is a case for concerted and drastic international action. This creature is an enemy of mankind, and should be dealt with accordingly.

If there is no other way of dealing with him as an undesirable, he could be made amenable for his treasonable attacks upon the King of England.

We do not propose to reproduce his obscene sneers. It is sufficient to say that they are on record and in print, and will justify the police of this country in being at least as active and determined to vindicate public decency as the police of Italy.

THE LURE OF LORD LOUTH . . . . . House Purchase on the Snowball System

WE should be loath to bracket the Earl of Carrick or Lord Louth with such an unparticular peer as Lord Haldon, whose financial notorieties have frequently been referred to in these columns, but we should like to suggest to these noblemen that they are engaging in operations open to criticism.

We have already had something to say about Lord Carrick's connection with Prosperity, Ltd., an insurance scheme based on the snowball principle, and now we find Lord Louth acting as a director and trustee, of Increased Incomes, Ltd., which offer "the chance of acquiring up to £10,000 cash for 37s. 6d."

This sum of 37s. 6d. entitles the subscriber to a membership certificate, and is payable in cash or by instalments of 5s. deposit and 2s. 8d. a week if the latter method is more convenient. It becomes obvious that Lord Louth and the managing director, Mr. C. Copley-Singleton, are after the small man's savings.

We admire their frankness in one particular, for they state openly:—"It is a snowball business in which every member sends in 10 names (called a group) and you receive 2s. commission on each member who joins, also 2s. on the further members resulting from the snowball as described in the enclosed particulars."

As examples, it is stated that "If 4 out of your 10 names join and only 3 out of each succeeding group or sets of 10 names, you get £437 4s. 0d. If 5 out of your 10 names join and 4 out of each succeeding group or sets of 10 names, you get £2,730 10s."

"In addition to the chance of large cash returns, each membership certificate you purchase carries the benefits of securities of a redemption value of 45s., or, it entitles you to participate in the Association's house purchase scheme."

This house purchase scheme we regard as another dangerous lure, and readers should be careful.

Increased Incomes, Ltd., is domiciled at Carlton House, Regent Street, London, S.W. 1, which was the address of Hatton, Morris & Co., and Alan Macey & Co., two firms whose activities we have often criticised, and whose group of Guernsey-floated Galician oil companies is now in liquidation. We do not know if there is any connection, but it is a curious address from which to operate a financial undertaking if such this can be called.

We have been to the trouble of making a search at Somerset House into the records of Increased Incomes, Ltd., and we find that it was registered as recently as March 27th, with a capital of £500 in £1 shares, of which, so far, only two have been subscribed.

At the time of our search neither Lord Louth nor Mr. Copley-Singleton was registered as the holder of a single share.

SHOP-LIFTING AND POETRY

Should the Verse-clampers be Abolished

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

ALL through England, with a deadly rush, will run the delectable story of Mrs. Mary Diner, described in the paragraphs as a smartly dressed woman. Mary, good luck, has been fined £11 by the Liverpool Magistrates for stealing beef and bottles of fruit-salad and sauce, and being in unlawful possession of tins of salmon. There is nothing very exciting about this. Smartly dressed women have committed similar thefts before.

Mrs. Mary Diner will not necessarily go down to posterity as the queen of bottled fruit-salad and tinned-salmon lifters, however. Indeed, if she had kept out of the witness box England might never have heard of her. But she went into the witness box and suffers her broadcasting accordingly. I take the following from a London newspaper's account of the proceedings:

> Solicitor (defending): Do you read poetry?
>
> Yes, I am very fond of poetry. I read it all day.
>
> What particular poets do you affect?
>
> Cowper and Shelley.
>
> Do you read any old philosopher?
>
> Yes, Plato and Aristotle.
>
> The Presiding Magistrate: It seems rather far-fetched.
>
> Defending Solicitor: Well, your Worship will be able to gather from this some reason for the lady's lapse.

MY old hat and the next-door neighbour's experimental licence, did you ever happen across the like of it? Cowper, my honest lad, that wrote "John Gilpin" and "Satan trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees," turn in your bit of a grave and think about purloined sirloin! Shelley—oh poet of the "Skylark" and the "Sensitive Plant"—step down from the unapparent, *if* you please, let your soul hover in your eyes as it were, and seize upon these paltry flasks of pilfered condiment. Reflect that "the desire of the moth for the star" is not more passionate and reprehensible than some people's desire for other people's canned goods, and say after me:—

> All days she read us, sonnet and ballad,
> But went out o' nights pinching fruit-salad.

OF course Mrs. Diner's defence opens up a bright vista for all sorts of delinquents who prefer a fine to "a dose" without the option. When Gentleman Joe, the flash burglar, is not engaged in burgling he might do worse than commit to memory a few lofty passages of Milton:

Yesterday at the Old Bailey, G. Joe, smartly dressed and of gentlemanly appearance, was charged with breaking into the premises of Messrs. Glitterman & Co. and stealing therefrom diamonds and other jewellery valued at £2,000. In the witness box Joe declared that he was a great reader of "Paradise Lost," and offered to recite a perch or two for his lordship's benefit.

The Judge: I am sick and tired of hearing blank-verse. What Milton said is no more evidence than what the soldier said.

Counsel for the defence: My submission is, me lud, that the prisoner is balmy.

Woman Juror: Can the prisoner recite "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night"?

Foreman of Jury: Or will he oblige with "Kissing Cup's Race"?

Prisoner regretted that these gems were not included in his repertoire. Outside Milton he only knew the first eighteen stanzas of "The Fireman's Wedding." The Jury thereupon intimated that they did not wish to hear further evidence. Discharged.

Seriously, however, the Diner affair is a serious matter. If a steady perusal of Cowper, Shelley, Plato and Aristotle results in a tendency to shoplifting, these poets and philosophers should certainly be banned in our schools.

For ourselves we have long been suspicious of the effect of certain poets on certain soaring minds. Pope, for example, is responsible for the appended couplet.

> Get place and wealth, if possible with grace,
> If not, by any means get wealth and place.

Which sublime precept may or may not account for a great deal that appears to be happening around us.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

Poor Fritz is sad; once more he's had
To drink the bitter cup!
It seems somehow there's no one now
Who wants to "buy a pup."

Where is that Centre Party now
That lately came to birth?
The babe forlorn was hardly born
Before it went to earth.

At the Academy this year
The thing that's most discussed,
Among the sculptures, so we hear,
Is one that's called "a bust."

These two killjoys their blatant noise
Pour out in screams unceasing,
While all time both drink and crime
Are constantly decreasing.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

ALL the papers have been singing a fearful song about Sir William Orpen's "Unknown Warrior" picture at the Royal Academy. This is amusing, to say the least, because Sir William is not an original artist. He is an average man with an average outlook on life, and he has never produced anything that could possibly be described as epoch-making.

What actually happened is interesting, because the mind of the painter is admirably reflected in the story of the picture. Orpen is a very stolid, idealistic, strong, reserved, healthy, John Bull type of citizen. Like many another ex-soldier he went into the late war with a full and fervent belief in the absolute righteousness and the utter unselfishness of the cause of the Entente. Like many another ex-soldier, too, he trusted implicitly in the prattle of the politicians.

SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.

WHEN, therefore, he was asked to paint a picture which should symbolise that great struggle, he was unimaginative enough to believe that the politicians, diplomats and other scoundrels had really won the war for us, and calmly commenced to paint the figures of all those disreputable gentry on to a monster canvas. Later, when the real and hideous truth dawned on him, he as calmly began to obliterate them from the canvas, and paint in their place a memorial to the soldiers who had really done the job.

NOW all this is very revealing. It implies in the artist a slow and ponderous and rather humourless intellect. Several painters with not a quarter of his fame and standing had perceived the truth long before, and had expressed it pictorially—but they suffered from the disadvantage (or advantage) of not being exhibited in the R.A. In any case his symbolism is not striking. It is too much like the kind of thing the commonplace man, whose skill in expressing the subtler emotions is negligible, would have conceived. And it gives us at once the measure of his ability as an artist, his mentality as a man.

He was quite honestly shocked at the storm of protest aroused by his picture. He couldn't understand anyone thinking that he had handled his material irreverently. And here, too, his attitude is curiously revealing. He is by nature an eminently respectable, humdrum and serious person. For years now he has painted away in a most industrious manner, and his labours have been richly rewarded. He has a very lofty idea of what is expected from his brush and brain, and he believes firmly in the dignity and nobility of his calling. In short, he is a thoroughly conscientious artist.

TECHNICALLY his works are beyond all praise. But he is never likely to rise above the mediocrity of achievement represented by the R.A. until he smartens up his knowledge of mankind—especially its rulers. As I have said, he does not want for ideals. Unfortunately, though, ideals do not always harmonize with facts. And if he doesn't wake up to the fact that the best-advertised art is seldom the best art, he may live to see a slump in Orpens!

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, M.P.,
Home Secretary.

SIR,—There were over 27,000 street accidents in London last year. 684 of these were fatal, an increase of 14 per cent. over the year before. For this terrible state of things probably your predecessors are largely responsible because they failed to impose a test for drivers of private motor-cars. All they have to do is to buy a licence and then they are free to imperil the lives of all who get in their way. Is it through pressure of the dealers that the most obvious and elementary precautions have been neglected by the Home Office? When I tell you that these private cars are responsible for a quarter of the awful street casualty list you will realise that the matter is one demanding immediate legislation. You should go into this matter at once Mr. Bridgeman. JOHN BULL.

To Master JACK COMBER,
Choirboy, Chiswick Parish Church.

MY DEAR JACK,—That was a gallant rescue you brought off the other day. A little boy of three fell into the river at Chiswick Eyot and was quickly carried out by the current. He had already gone down once when you saw him. Fully clothed, you immediately jumped in, swam out to him, and brought him safely ashore. A plucky action like this in a lad of thirteen shows that he's made of the right stuff. I should like to shake hands with you. JOHN BULL.

To Judge DAWSON CRAWFORD,
Southend.

YOUR HONOUR,—You have been deeply shocked because a Southend barber's assistant is drawing, in addition to his wages, a pension of twelve and sixpence a week, earned by wounds in the war in which he fought to defend you and me. Why? If the man earned his pension, surely it is his by right. You draw a big salary: when you retire you will draw a much bigger pension than this ex-soldier barber. I hope you have deserved it as well. But you are not paid to lecture ex-soldier pensioners as though they were common thieves. Don't do it again. JOHN BULL.

To Sir FREDERICK BANBURY, M.P.
House of Commons.

SIR,—Why discourage Lord Wolmer in his effort to find out how millions of pounds belonging to our soldiers and sailors were lost in a wild gamble by the Army and Navy Canteen Board? Lord Wolmer says the Board invested some of its funds—profits from service canteens—in crepe-de-Chine nightdresses—surely outside its province. He asked you to look at photographs showing these things on sale in canteen shops. You declined to take the evidence of photographs. Be practical, Sir Frederick. Help us to get the truth. You surely do not think Lord Wolmer was submitting faked photographs to you? But your action looks very like trivial obstruction. JOHN BULL.

To Lt.-Col. BUCKLEY, M.P.
House of Commons.

SIR,—You tell us that Mr. Wintour, General Manager of the British Empire Exhibition, draws three thousand a year salary, plus two thousand a year entertainment allowance, and that before the war he was Director of the Exhibition Branch of the Board of Trade. Why not tell us, if you can, whether his business record in the City was also regarded as a qualification. Under Wintour's management the Exhibition came very nearly to grief. Nobody would suspect this from your careful replies in Parliament. Add a little candour to your carefulness: and remember that criticism is salt that keeps public life wholesome.
JOHN BULL.

To ARTHUR A. W. H. PONSONBY, Esq., M.P.,
House of Commons.

DEAR SIR,—The fact that you yourself are the great grandson of an Earl adds piquancy to your introduction of a "Bill to abolish Hereditary Titles," which by a curious lapse of the Speaker has attained the dignity of a second reading. I agree that certain empty-headed young dukes and earls would probably not have made such fools of themselves if they had been plain "misters" like you and me, but the really important thing is to deprive these gilded nobodies of their hereditary right to sit in the House of Lords and help to make the laws of the country. Why don't you concentrate on that.
JOHN BULL.

To Lt.-Col. R. G. H. HOWARD-VYSE, C.M.G., D.S.O.,
Commanding Royal Horse Guards.

SIR,—You will be thoroughly aware by this time of the acute indignation caused throughout the country by the Prussian swordplay of one of your officers in Piccadilly Circus. Because a policeman, busy in keeping the traffic in order, failed to salute the King's Colours, this young and presumably inexperienced subaltern made an exhibition of himself which could scarcely have been beaten by Eitel Fritz or little Willie. Apologies will no doubt be made and the incident closed, but there is one aspect of it which mustn't be overlooked. It shows that young officers in crack regiments are not being properly instructed in their correct attitude towards the civilian public. And that, sir, is where *you* come in.
JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. VIOLET DE CRESPIGNY,
Festilla Hall, Hull.

MADAM,—You have been amusing yourself by riding through the City of Hull on a motor-cycle at a speed of 25 miles an hour with your arms folded. Overcome no doubt by the social eminence which you apparently enjoy in that part of the country, the Bench mildly remarked that they considered it a dangerous practice and let you off with costs. Please understand that these stunts on the public streets are not only a danger to others—they are beastly bad form. The proper place for them is the music-hall or the circus. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. L. R. FARNELL,
Vice-Chancellor, Oxford.

SIR,—It would be too much to say that you are coming to your senses, but there are at least signs that you are beginning to see what an ass you have made of yourself. First of all you climbed down about the playhouse. Now you have discovered that the foundation of your preposterous claim to a seat on the City Bench is an extremely shaky one. So you have graciously intimated to the Magistrates that if they think fit they may take counsel's opinion on the point. Like sensible men they have received your pompous overture in stony silence. Why not look up some more dusty old statutes and see if you can't commit them to prison for contempt?
JOHN BULL.

HARMONY OR DISCORD?

Conductor JOHN BULL of the (Inter) National Opera Company: "Why can't you all start on the same note? It's the same song.

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

ONCE again dramatic and tragic testimony has been supplied to the oft-repeated condemnation of the shabby treatment meted out to the long-suffering poor under what is known as the Panel System. Commenting on the circumstances attending the death of a Hoxton man, Dr. Edwin Smith, the Coroner for North-East London, made the scathing remark: "The Panel System is a retrograde step, not too strongly described as a disastrous blunder and a miserable failure."

The Panel Fiasco.

This denunciation, coming as it does from a doctor and Coroner whose duties bring him into constant touch with that class of people who are forced to be dependent for medical assistance upon the tender mercies of the Panel, may be taken not as a heated outburst by a throaty fanatic, but as a well-considered verdict based upon indisputable facts.

The plain truth is that Mr. Lloyd George's pet scheme for the uplifting of the nation's health has from the first proved an utter fiasco. Unfortunately the setting of it in motion involved the provision and maintenance of fantastically costly machinery. Ill-considered and badly designed as it is, it has been tolerated throughout the long years of its existence chiefly because the regime which was responsible for its inauguration remained in power during that period. Now, however, its creator is gone, and it is a great pity that his Panel pet did not depart with him.

In all our social organisation no measure has proved so detrimental to the furtherance of that admirable ideal, the amiable and passionless elimination of class prejudice and class distinction. From the very moment that Mr. Lloyd George saddled the country with this expensive and wholly unpopular device for wasting money and providing jobs for an army of bureaucrats, the populace has been divided into two distinct sections—those *on* the Panel and those *off*.

It is difficult to decide which of these sections is the more to be pitied. Where the one suffers by having its wages reduced by a few pence each week and its pride humbled each time a visit to the doctor is necessary, the other finds that the cost of medical attention has become so high that real reluctance to call upon it has developed.

Here is a magnificent opportunity for Mr. Bonar Law to earn the respect and appreciation of the entire country. Let him abolish the system without delay!

WE all remember Mr. Tite Barnacle, whose valorous devotion to the State ensured that at least he should "die with his drawn salary in his hand." Since the time of Dickens the breed has multiplied enormously. We now call them bureaucrats. We make bold to say that there is not a single department of State which to-day is not overstaffed, cumbered with officials who, while they draw their pay at the week-end with unfailing regularity, do little in the shape of honest labour to justify their continued employment by the State.

The Tite Barnacles.

Recently we learned that, for all the distress of the taxpayer, the Attorney-General last year drew £31,000 in salary and fees. It may be presumed that for this vast expenditure we, at any rate, got some sort of value. Yet we find that, through acting upon the advice of the extravagantly-paid Law Officers of the Crown, the Home Secretary has come a bad cropper in the Courts.

We are not altogether sorry that Mr. Art O'Brien won his action last week against the Crown for a writ of *habeas corpus* to show cause why he should not be imprisoned within the bounds of the Irish Free State. It is an excellent thing in a country that calls itself free that three judges should have the power and authority to tell the King's Ministers that they have broken the law. While this is possible the power of the bureaucrats will always be limited. We can still look to the Courts to defend our liberties.

It is to be hoped that this case will cut the combs of our bureaucrats. Not only are they costly, but they are apt to be cruelly tyrannous. It was the wretched D.O.R.A. that sent the Irish deportees to prison without formal trial, and it is a wholesome thing that the judges should have placed their ban upon this arbitrary exercise of bureaucratic authority.

In due course, no doubt, the rest of these oppressive relics of war-time legislation will be lifted and we shall be allowed to buy a box of chocolates or a packet of cigarettes after nine o'clock in the evening. These are minor matters, perhaps, but the same principle is involved. Either we are free citizens of a democratic Empire or the bond-slaves of a bureaucratic State. Between these alternatives there can be no ultimate hesitation. We mean to be free; and no Government that opposes the public desire for liberty can long retain the confidence of a nation which has suffered what we have suffered in the battle to be free.

THOUGH for the moment the industrial horizon is clearing, there are distinct rumblings ahead. Before long, if Trade Union indications are to be believed, we may be engulfed in strikes and lock-outs on a vast scale; because Labour has, rightly or wrongly, got it into its head that Capital is engaged in a conspiracy to defeat its legitimate aims.

Strikes and Lock-outs.

There is some slight warrant for this bitter assumption. Not infrequently we find Employers' Associations indulging in talk that is well calculated to set their workpeople by the ears. It ought to be clear by this time that there can be no hope of industrial peace without a good understanding between the twin elements that make for the welfare of industry.

The employers have a chance to-day of ensuring the permanent peace of industry. By a single gesture of generosity they could remove from the mind of Labour the angry thoughts that at present possess it; by translating that gesture into practical friendship they could make industry a real co-operative effort for the service of all. It is this fundamental mistrust between employers and employed which bars the way of progress towards harmonious well-being. The "Round Table" method is the right one. There is not a quarrel in industry which cannot be solved by good will and sincerity on either side.

IN these columns week by week we have called the attention of the police to crimes which literally cry aloud for redress. Occasionally action is taken against the criminals. Very often it is not. The case of the notorious Queenie Gerald is one in point. Despite our repeated condemnation of her malevolent practices, she is still free. Little wonder that other less obtrusive parasites of society wax brazen in their confidence and multiply in number.

The Crime Wave.

We are not surprised, therefore, when Sir Leonard Dunning, Inspector of Constabulary, makes the frank announcement that "though the police force is larger, better equipped, and without doubt more efficient in every way, it cannot prevent a steady increase in crime."

With the exception of one point we are in agreement with Sir Leonard. That point has regard to the efficiency of the police. If the body upon which ordinary citizens rely for protection of life and property were "without doubt more efficient," a steady increase in crime would not have to be recorded, and fewer criminals would escape what used to be regarded as "the long arm of the law."

That crime has increased at all is proof of the lack of efficiency of the police. It is proof also that the criminal of to-day is rapidly becoming more and more able to outwit the modern detective. Amongst the denizens of the Underworld are now numbered hundreds of men and women of a highly developed intellectual order. This cannot be said to be the case to the same degree in respect to our police force. The very system by which detectives are selected and trained prevents their intellectual progress from keeping pace with that of the criminally inclined.

This is an alarming but quite undeniable fact; but it is even more alarming that the public should be content to allow it to remain so. A drastic and whole-hearted revision of the system is more than overdue, if the "steady increase in crime" is to be checked before our official protectors become completely helpless.

Brawn is no match for Brain, and the sooner the constabulary officials realise this the sooner will this vast crime wave be checked.

IT is about time our Army Council issued a reminder to young and over-enthusiastic subalterns—some of whom seem to be labouring under the delusion that we are living in Prussia. Every week we receive letters from soldier readers complaining of the treatment meted out to them by officers. The case at Aldershot, where a trooper of the 1st Royal Dragoons was acquitted of a charge of insubordination, is a further example. This trooper pleaded that he desired to be treated "as a human being instead of as a dog." And quite right too. Far too often are officers inclined to forget that the private soldier is just as human as they themselves. Discipline is the foundation on which an army is built; common sense and consideration the virtues which hold the units together.

Our New Snobocracy.

WHEN MODESTY DOESN'T PAY

by Sir JOHN FOSTER FRASER

I PROPOSE there be established and duly incorporated "The Society for the Appreciation of Britain."

It is all very well to be modest as a nation. But it is nonsense being a lot of dyspeptic dismal Jimmies, always moaning about our decreptitude and general played-outness and how much better things are done in other countries, where there is vim and energy and go-aheadness.

We do not really believe it. And we get somewhat ruffled if we are told it by the people of other lands. But their authority is generally ourselves. Seldom do I pick up a newspaper or listen to a speech without reading or hearing that we are on the down grade.

It is about time we stopped this depreciation of ourselves. England is not the worst country to live in. It is the best. I have spent a roving, vagabond life, have been in fifty-seven countries and, take it all in all, there is no place better to be in than this old land.

First, this is the most democratic country in the world, and we enjoy a liberty in speech and action which even the Americans know nothing about.

Secondly, we have a reputation for commercial probity which is the envy of all other nations, and we meet our financial obligations with a promptness which causes them to blink.

Thirdly, whatever we may think, statesmen of other lands recognise our diplomatists as the most skilful of men, and the size of the British Empire, with the Union Jack floating over one-quarter of the habitable globe, makes some of them jealous.

Fourthly, British workmanship is the standard by which the manufactures of the earth are judged, and there is no less bitterness in class rivalry than can be found in other lands which think they are as progressive as ourselves.

Fifthly, in every great reform for the amelioration of the masses Britain leads the way.

Sixthly, we have masters of industry unmatched in the industries of either hemisphere.

Seventhly, there is more all-round enjoyment got out of life in England than in any of the other of the fifty-six countries I have visited.

Whilst the folk of some other lands are always blowing the trumpet about the good things they have, and ignore the bad, we have got into the habit of perpetually piping about our deficiencies.

Let us be proud of our land and say so. Let us boast more and find fault less.

All the useful things were not invented elsewhere; most of them were invented here. Let us develop town pride instead of constantly referring to "this hole of a place where we have to live."

If foreigners tell us it often rains in England, ask them where in the world is such exquisite sylvan scenery? Learn that we produce the finest ships and have fewer railway accidents than anywhere else. Get to see that even the much-abused Houses of Parliament pass more beneficial laws than any other Legislature.

For a change, instead of decrying Britain let us boost it. There is more room for appreciation than criticism. Besides, it will do our livers good and make us happier.

Pretty Pictures for Starvi

by A. G. GARDINER

"HE that is down need fear no fall." They can't do worse by an upheav they may do better." This, says Mr. Gardiner, is the revolutio argument of the hungry, the workless, the houseless and the hopeless. wise to answer it by flaunting in their faces papers crowded with pict of the extravagances of the rich?

A. G. GARDINER

I HAVE been asked by a correspondent to say how in my opinion the present revolutionary ferment which we are experiencing in common with the rest of the world may be allayed. "What is the real cause of the present Labour unrest?" he asks. "What are the grievances which Conservatism seeks to ignore, Socialism to exploit, Liberalism to heal?" Surely, he adds, the ordinary man and woman can exist contentedly inside the present social order provided we pay attention to the elementary requirements of decency and comfort. What are those requirements? What should we do to avoid the shipwreck of our social system?

My correspondent expresses a fear and an anxiety which are to-day universal. There is not a country in the world where the structure of society is not rocking and where the peril of change is not present. Russia is in the abyss, Austria is in the abyss, Germany is being steadily pushed into the abyss, all interested observers agree that an explosion is coming in France, the mind of America is hag-ridden with the terror of social convulsion, we ourselves can hear the deep murmur of forces that are challenging the whole basis of our society.

ALL this is not to be wondered at. When the world went to war it broke up the compact by which it lived as a social and economic unit. It reverted from civilisation to primitive barbarism. It fell to pieces, and the disintegration of the international society has been followed by the disintegration of the national society everywhere. When dissolution sets in it does not stop at political borders. It is like a plague that infects the general air. And the "Peace" of Versailles instead of stopping the plague has fermented it and poisoned the blood of the world.

That is the root of the revolutionary unrest that disturbs the world. Until the plague is stayed no country is safe. The nations of the world must either hang together, or they will all hang separately. It is necessary to stress this elementary fact in attempting to answer my correspondent. The revolutionary ferment in this country is a part of the general disease of the world. We are sick because the world is sick, and we can only get well if the world gets well.

IN short, if, to quote my correspondent, we are to live "contentedly inside the present social order" we must see that the statesmen preserve that social order. At present they are destroying it. They destroyed it during the war, and they are completing its destruction to-day. They are the real authors of the revolutionary ferment, here and everywhere. They have strewn the Continent with the wreckage of "the present social order," and with the seeds of revolution.

REVOLUTIONS do not come from the wickedness of men. They do not come from an abstract resentment against a particular social order. Karl Marx might denounce capitalism till the crack of doom: it would have no effect on a people who were well-fed, well-housed, well-employed and justly governed. But when the people are hungry, workless, houseless, hopeless, what can they do but assail the social order, whatever it may be, under which they suffer? It is no answer to them to say that they will be no better off under another system. If they are as bad off as they can be the peril of change has no terrors for them. "He that is down, need fear no fall." They can't do worse by an upheaval: they may do better.

That is their argument, and I don't see what is the answer to them. I am sure that if I had the misfortune to be one of those six hundred thousand people in London who live in a one-or-two room tenement, or if I saw the days and the months pass without bringing me a job, I should not feel very enthusiastic about the social order under which I could not live a decent life.

AND if to restore my confidence someone came along with a bundle of picture papers, chock-full as they always are with the gay doings of the fashionable world, the scenes on the race-courses and the Riviera, the gorgeous attire, the sports and the ceremonies, the weddings and the photographs of society ladies, I am not sure that I should think any the better of my one-room tenement, or any more respectfully of the social order that distributed rewards so unequally. Indeed, I should like, parenthetically, to express the feeling I have long held that there is no more powerful agent of social discontent than those picture papers, weekly and daily, which crowd their pages with pictures of the extravagances of the rich as though there was nothing else on earth that mattered to the imbecile brains for which they cater.

This is all aside, but it is not irrelevant when we are discussing the causes of social unrest, and how we are to make the social order acceptable to the people a very lean time under it. They are the social order not by any abstract phies, not by the doctrines of Karl Laxalle. They are judging it by th and very poignant test of whether them three square meals a day, a their heads, and the means to bri family in decency and comfort.

If it does that, and if in addition them personal liberty and honest gov the present social order will survive of all the teachings of the revolu If it does not do that, there will be of revolutionary missionaries to c conditions out of which revolution overthrow of the social order wi The miseries of an impoverished will be a sufficient incitement to make war on a system that condemns to one-room tenements and to a struggle for a bare existence while i its wealth upon the favoured few wh see disporting themselves in picture

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Pictures for Starving People.

by A. G. GARDINER

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If it does that, and if in addition it gives them personal liberty and honest government, the present social order will survive in spite of all the teachings of the revolutionaries. If it does not do that, there will be no need of revolutionary missionaries to create the conditions out of which revolution and the overthrow of the social order will come. The miseries of an impoverished existence will be a sufficient incitement to them to make war on a system that condemns millions to one-room tenements and to a pitiless struggle for a bare existence while it showers its wealth upon the favoured few whom they see disporting themselves in picture papers.

LET us have it clear in our minds that revolutions do not come from abstract theories, but from the pressure of conditions. I was present the other night at a discussion at a learned society on the causes of the French Revolution, and it was the overwhelming opinion that the enormous happening was not the work of the thinkers, but the outcome of the hideous oppressions of a social order which crushed the poor to the dust while it wasted their substance in the magnificent follies of Versailles. And it was pretty generally agreed that such legends of extravagance as that about Marie Antoinette's necklace had more to do in the end with the rush into revolution than all the teachings of the philosophers.

I REPEAT, then, that if the social order is threatened it is not because the working classes are Socialists or Communists or Individualists or affected by any "ism" of any sort. It is simply that the existing social order has failed to give them reasonable conditions of life, and that they are in the mood to try any experiment that gives them a promise, however illusory, of a fairer share of the decencies, comforts and amenities of existence.

It is not wicked to want these things. It is natural and right to want them. When a people have ceased to want them and to fight for them it has become an obsolescent, a decaying, a perishing people.

IF you want to know why Glasgow has gone Communist you need not hunt about for obscure reasons or put it down to the congenital wickedness of the Glaswegian, or the teachings of this or that school. You have only to go and look at their housing conditions and you will find the answer. You would be a Communist, too, if you were in their place and retained their just sense of indignation at the squalor in which they are condemned to live and rear their families. It is not Communism they want. It is homes. It is security. It is the sense of justice. It is the feeling that the social order under which they live, whatever it may be, gives them fair play and a square deal.

AND if we want to preserve our social order in the storm that has burst upon the world we have got to recognise these legitimate and elementary aspirations. Personally, I want that social order to survive. It is not my ideal social order; but it is in being. To sweep it away in a gust of passion would create infinitely more horrors than those which exist.

THAT it can be reformed and made a fitting habitation for the people I am convinced, but it means courageous action. It means that the lot of the plain man shall be raised, that he shall be secure of a decent home, that his children shall have equality of opportunity, and that education which opens the career to the talents shall not be the exclusive privilege of the rich, that the fear of unemployment shall not haunt his life with the spectre of want, that he shall have a fair share of the rewards of industry and a legitimate voice in the control of his conditions of labour, and that the monotony of his calling shall be mitigated by the abundant provision of the social amenities that refine life and make it worth living. Modified and humanised on these lines the existing social order will weather the storm, provided—

That our foreign policy is directed to securing the peace of the world and the restoration of trade. I come back to that as the key to the whole situation. If Winston Churchill's extravagances in Mesopotamia are to be followed by Mr. Amery's crazy scheme of sinking millions in the mud of Singapore, if Lord Curzon is to be permitted to strangle the trade with Russia which had just begun to flow—if things like these are to happen then domestic reforms will not save our social order. It will perish not from the machinations of revolutionaries, but from the follies of blundering and unteachable politicians

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THE WEAKNESS OF STATE SOCIALISM

by WILLIAM GRAHAM, LL.B., M.P.

VERY soon the House of Commons will return to the discussion of the speeches of Mr. Philip Snowden and Sir Alfred Mond. Meanwhile, it is clear that the defenders of what is called Capitalism entertain all kinds of contradictory ideas regarding the proposals of Socialism.

Lord Milner recently declared that there will be a wide extension of public ownership. The real question is the form that such ownership is to take. Sir Alfred Mond visualises a crude State Socialism. Land presumably would be owned by the State, and managed by a department in Whitehall, possibly with some agreeable committees in the rural areas. Mines would be under the Mines Department, railways under the Board of Trade or Ministry of Transport, and so on.

Sir Alfred fails to recognise that no thoughtful member of the Labour movement would propose anything of the kind; in other words, there has been for years a growing revolt against State Socialism of that description. It would involve a substantial bureaucracy. There is no reason why even a bureaucracy should not be intelligent and efficient. But that is not the point. The fact is that there is an age-long distrust of bureaucracy.

You may decentralise; you may have an alert Parliament; you may do everything in your power to meet the difficulties of centralisation of ownership and management; but if you do not bring the workers of this country closely into touch with all the essentials of their industry, you have replaced private or semi-private Capitalism not by Socialism, but by State-Capitalism, a very different thing. And the masses will be worse off, not better.

Consequently, all the oratorical fire in the House of Commons leaves me quite cold. The change will come simply, gradually, perhaps quite quickly, and the people—as is true of every revolution—will not notice what is taking place. It will come largely through the redistribution of industrial control. There is the growth, slow and contradictory no doubt, of the works committee. There is the trade board, widely extended beyond the old sweated industries. There is the Whitley Council, now struggling for its life. All lead naturally to the Guild.

It is this structure which is going to replace the trust and syndicate and combine which have grown up. The British people will not accept a trust solution of their industrial problem. They do not wish to put in its place a State trust, such as forms of State Socialism would suggest.

But they are willing to consider a change in industrial control. And so they arrive at what, for want of a better term, is called the guild solution. In other words, while the ownership of our larger industries would reside with the whole of the people broadly, they would be managed by the men and women who knew and understood them. That is the true alternative to the trust. State Socialism is not an alternative. It would not give an industrial democracy. The guild solution would give us as much of that as the human race is likely to get.

The Fake That Failed

THE tremendous difficulties to be overcome in faking a horse have never been more clearly demonstrated than in this article, which describes how Barrie organised one of his most daring swindles.

By PAT BARRIE—Master Horse Faker

IN my "profession" I had my ups and downs. Money came easily and went with greater ease. To-day a rich man, to-morrow reduced to a balance of a few pounds—that is the history of all men who make their living crookedly.

Marsh and I, and a certain bookmaker who financed a few of the deals when either Marsh was unable to raise the money or no mug was available, were one day looking through the Racing Calendar, and our attention was principally devoted to "Races to Close."

"HERE is a race for a ringer," said Marsh suddenly, and read out the conditions of the Wynn Selling Plate.

"Where's that?" I said in surprise.

"At Chester," said Marsh, "and it is a meeting where you can bet like blazes and there's no squeak coming, because all sorts of funny results happen on that course. I shook my head."

"I don't know much about Chester," I said. "There are plenty of meetings that I know where we can ring in a horse. I don't like working on strange ground."

All that I knew about Chester was that it was a course over which there has been racing for the past 400 years, and that it was circular. Even the five-furlong races start from the other side of the course and come in a semicircle to the winning-post! The straight run in is considerably less than two furlongs, and I saw at once that, in a big field, if a horse happens to be drawn on the extreme outside, he has got at least fifty yards further to run than a horse drawn in No. 1 position.

Marsh urged again the fact that Chester was a good betting meeting, and that one could back a horse to win many thousands without disturbing the market.

I hesitated, partly because, as I say, Chester Racecourse was only known to me by hearsay. I had never run a horse there, and I had no idea at the time of the difficulties that I should meet with.

I was not keen one way or the other on the Chester "ring," and when Marsh, supported by the bookmaker, insisted, I consented to their plan, and an entry was made straightaway with a two-year-old horse called Golden Plate. There was such a two-year-old, but he could no more have won a race than I could climb the Monument. It was, in fact, as bad a horse as there was in training—that by the way.

We had a good three-year-old available, a small fellow, who had been used before for our nefarious purpose, and had also won races under his own name. In fact, he had been so often dyed that he had gone bald in places, and, so far from the dye injuring him, he seemed to enjoy his experience.

HAVING dyed the spurious Golden Plate, I brought him to a little village near Chester a day before the racing started, and I set off to have a look at the course. Marsh was with me, and the moment I saw the tiny track, I realised the difficulties.

"We shall win here if we are well drawn," I said, "and even if we aren't, our horse's speed should overcome any preliminary disadvantage."

"It isn't a bad track," said Marsh.

"It's a soup plate!" I said. "But we have got three stone in hand. I don't think the draw will make a lot of difference."

At which he was jubilant.

"That is my contention, Pat," he said. "We are going to put a lot of money on this horse, and, as you say, even if he's drawn outside, his superior speed and age ought to overcome that difficulty.

I HAD plenty of time to discover the effect of the draw, for our race was on the third and last day of the meeting. And the more I saw of the racing at Chester, the more convinced I was that the draw did not mean so much as people thought. Time after time, badly drawn horses won their races, and my misgivings vanished. Our three-year-old was a fairly good handicap performer in selling plate class, and he was one on which I could gamble, even though (as I remembered) he had failed to get round the bends at Alexandra Park when running under his own name.

Naturally my own did not approach the enthusiasm of the other conspirators. They had engaged Tommy Weston to ride, and Weston then, as now, was a strong horseman and a capable finisher.

"If he's strong enough to lift Golden Plate from the outside to the inside, and capable of keeping him in front, he'll win," said I. "And even if he doesn't, I believe our little horse can beat the rags we've got up against us."

Our conversation took place over a little dinner we had on the Wednesday.

"I've never known you to be so optimistic before, Pat," said Marsh, all smiles.

THEY made very careful preparations to get the money on at the S.P. offices; in spite of the fact that they were so sure that money invested on the course would not bring the price down, they were taking no risks. All Gilbert Marsh's friends and acquaintances were put on to the good thing, and he stood to win from them alone a considerable fortune. Thousands of pounds were invested in London and in Manchester, and even Ireland was not neglected.

In the morning I had the horse out for a sharp pipe-opener, and when Weston, who rode him in his gallop, dismounted, I asked him what he thought of his mount.

"He goes more like a bad three-year-old than a good two," he said perfectly innocently.

I got a little shock myself at that, and repeated the conversation to Marsh at breakfast.

"Never mind about what Weston says," said the bookmaker. "If you listen to jockeys, you'll go broke and mad on the same day."

Now, I am one of those people who believe that jockeys can tell you a whole lot, and I knew that Weston must have "felt" the horse's capabilities.

Ten runners went up in the frame—and we were drawn tenth, the very worst position. I went straight away to Marsh and told him the draw, but I was as optimistic as ever.

"Anyway," he said, "we can't alter the betting, because we've backed the horse 'away,' and I wouldn't if I could. I'm going to have another bet in the ring: you can get ten to one to any amount of money."

I had gone carefully into the form of the other horses engaged, and I had decided that the horse that had the biggest chance amongst them if it was well drawn, was First Out, a horse in Griggs' stable, at Newmarket, which I had seen run a very good race over the Rous Course. He was a nippy type of animal, absolutely built for this peculiar track, and no sooner was Marsh out of sight than I went into the ring, and was not at all surprised when I discovered that Griggs' animal was favoured.

CHESTER, MAY 6th, 1920.
WYNN SELLING (2 Y.O.). £194. 5 fur.

First Out, 8.11	(Griggs)	1
Flying Pinnie, 8.11 ..	(Shatwell)	2
Grecian Arrow, 8.11	(F. Bullock)	3
Coalport, 9.0	(Donoghue)	4
Devoir, 8.11	(V. Smyth)	5
Swift Arrow, 8.11 ..	(Templeman)	6
Golden Plate, 8.9	(Weston)	0
Warcloth, 8.9	(Riley)	0
Awake, 8.11	(Colling)	0
Joy Garden, 8.11	(Thwaites)	0

2 Devoir, 9/4 First Out, 6 Swift Arrow, Warcloth, 7 Coalport, 10 Golden Plate, 12½ others. 1½; 3. Sold Mr. A. Day 500 gns. Griggs.

THEY were a fairly fractious lot at the post, which meant that Golden Plate was edged farther out to the right; and to add to his misfortunes, at the moment the gate went up, Golden Plate was sideways on. First Out went off at a rare bat, leaving his field round the first bend, with our horse almost tailed off. He got up to his field, however, but all the time he was galloping on the outside, and I have since calculated that the distance he had to go was at least 85 yards, or 28 lengths, farther than the two horses drawn on the rails.

However, he was going well within himself. Weston had not moved on him, whilst keeping the horse at full stretch. I stood by Marsh as the race was in progress, my eyes glued to my glasses.

"He'll do it all right," said Marsh confidently, and I shared his optimism because the "ringer" was an animal which usually came with a rare burst of speed at the finish, and as they swung round into the straight, he was within striking distance of the leaders.

"Come on, —— ——" yelled Marsh, and in his excitement he used the real name of the "ringer."

I looked round. Apparently nobody had heard, and I nudged him.

"Golden Plate is the horse's name!" I whispered.

Putting up my glasses again, a horrid sight met my eyes. Weston was "scrubbing" the horse, and in the next second up went his whip.

"We're beaten!" gasped Marsh.

Down came the whip again and again, but not a further pound could the poor beast pull out! Golden Plate finished seventh. I saw the horse unsaddled, and then hurried into the ring to draw my money. For when I saw how Golden Plate was drawn, I took the liberty of backing the winner. I do not believe in miracles, especially at Chester!

NEXT week I shall tell, for the first time, the true story of The Panther, and why he did not win a Derby which, under any ordinary circumstances, he could not have lost. The pressure which has been put upon me to prevent this story being told, nobody would believe. But as the two principal actors are dead—one of them, as I have said before, worried to death by my prosecution—nobody is going to be hurt, more especially as I shall leave their names out of it. But I shall produce undoubted proof that the story I tell is true; and, if necessary, I shall call upon Mr. Manser, the trainer, and Sir Alec Black, the owner, to support my story.

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THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

A Nip for Neville

by HARRISON OWEN

FOR a Minister of Health, Mr. Neville Chamberlain looked remarkably sick when he entered the dock to answer a charge of "footling, fiddling and funking" in connection with the housing question.

When asked how he pleaded, prisoner said he must have notice of the question.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., for the public, said that the answer accused had just given, or rather, had failed to give, typified his attitude since becoming Minister of Health. "The prisoner's distinguished father," said Mr. Watchdog, "on a famous occasion remarked: 'What I have said I have said'; to the prisoner one might appropriately attribute the observation: 'What I should have said I have left unsaid.'

"In connection with housing he has left unsaid many important things. For example, he has failed to say anything harsh to the Building Rings and, what is more, has failed to do anything. We have his assurance that he is 'watching' the Rings, but while he is 'watching' the public is waiting for homes.

"WE have heard much about 'The Ring Round the House,'" continued Mr. Watchdog, "and we have been waiting for a ringmaster. Sir Alfred Mond chose instead to enact the role of clown, and now the accused is providing a fairly convincing impersonation of the dummy. Merely to 'watch' the rings is as sensible as it would be for a policeman to watch a burglar and let it (and the burglar) go at that."

"I may mention," said counsel in conclusion, "that there has been delay in bringing this prosecution, as it was thought desirable that Chamberlain should have every opportunity. Unfortunately he has ignored his opportunities. The Housing Bill he has brought forward is a very inadequate measure, and his failure to give any definite indication of what is intended in connection with the Rents' Restriction Act has left everybody in a painful condition of doubt and uncertainty."

"Let me say at once," began Mr. Strawsplitter, who appeared for the defence, "that no Health Minister can create houses out of thin air."

"Or out of hot air either!" suggested Mr. Justice Bull.

Proceeding, Mr. Strawsplitter said that to accuse his client of failure to deal with building rings was unjust, since it would require a long period of watchfulness to make sure that such rings existed. Also it was very well for members to get up in the House and say they were constantly receiving letters asking what is to be done in connection with the Rent Act, but his client—who was surely the person to whom inquiries should be sent—had received no such letters.

The jury having returned a verdict of "Guilty," Mr. Justice Bull remarked that a possible explanation of Mr. Strawsplitter's client not having received letters was that the public had come to realise the futility of writing to the Health Ministry.

"I must say," continued the Judge, "that prisoner has been given a remarkably fair deal. Notwithstanding such efforts to render his path easy, the prisoner has continued to fiddle while the public burned with indignation. For a person to presume to call himself Minister of Health while a large section of the community is sunk amid the horrors of slumdom is to add misrepresentation to injury. I therefore direct that the prisoner shall in future be referred to in official documents as 'Minister of Disease,' and, furthermore, that he shall be kept in close custody during the whole of the Whitsuntide recess, so that he may devote his energies (if any) to the important problems which, up to now, he has so conspicuously failed to solve."

MAKING MARRIAGE FOOLPROOF

Husbands Who Seek Trouble

by A LONDON MAGISTRATE

IT will take a good deal more than the combined intelligence of the House of Commons even coupled with that of the House of Lords to make matrimony foolproof. Such in essence is the purpose of Sir John Butcher's adventure.

Prominence has been given to certain aspects of the conjugal relationship by recent cases in the Divorce and King's Bench Divisions, and in those cases the women exhibited as wives belonged to the category of the idle, the extravagant and the unbigoted towards virtue. One wonders if it is worth while trying to make folly less foolish or to treat as unfortunate men who pursue it with deliberation.

In my view, the men who go to the Night Club or the half-bored to the Divorce Court or the Smart Set in search of wives have little to complain of if they get just those feminine qualities and charms that go to make up the attractive personalities whom they sought and pursued so eagerly.

IF a man is attracted by a concubine, an adulteress or a butterfly, he is not justified in his complaint that she, as his wife, pays no regard to the standards of the Non-Conformist conscience; for had she been attracted by those standards and responsive to their obligations she would never have been honoured by the offer of his heart and his fortune. The plain truth is that when the keen edge wears off passion the more homely virtues come to their own.

Has any case ever come before the Courts where a decent woman asked a decent man to foot the bill of a mad and reckless extravagance? If such there be, I am not aware of it. What decent woman would have the effrontery to aim at, much less boast of being the best-dressed woman in London? Yet it is just such effrontery, dash, recklessness and "paint and powder" that make the basic attractions that are the foundation of some marriages.

If men are attracted by women who affect the dress and demeanour of the demi-monde, are they deserving of commiseration for having achieved what they so earnestly desired?

A WISE old woman of my acquaintance once warned a man, no longer young, against the qualities that appeared to attract him in the woman who became his wife—extravagance in dress, decorated face and loudness of manners. The infatuated man made an attack on all the homely virtues and in the whirl of his denunciations said that he would rather marry an harlot than a prude. He did marry, but the infatuation did not survive the second quarter's bill. He has woven an aphorism out of his experience when he says that he has learnt to spell matrimony with four letters.

He is less than generous. The only thing that has changed is his mind; for the woman he got was the woman he wanted and it was in her defence that he gave a frank expression of his views on women.

A great politican once embarked upon the enterprise to make the world safe for democracy, and the new political generation is going to make matrimony safe for adventurers in passion and money. For little more sympathy is due to the man who makes marriage his livelihood. The occurrence is not uncommon. Men in the humble walks of life find it difficult to live upon women and escape the suspicion of an offence under the Vagrancy Acts, but in loftier spheres it can be done with composure and with transient satisfaction.

SUCH qualities as "style" in dancing, well-fitting clothes and well groomed manners have been effectively used in a matrimonial exploit, and these are sometimes the bridegroom's only assets. He has no profession, trade or calling and it is better to marry than to work.

Is it surprising that the women discover that the man is devoid of the qualities that count for little at *thés dansants*, but for much in the realities of the home and the world?

The gilded youth and the untutored adventurer have need of discipline and perhaps matrimony is the best deserved. The incidents in the cases that have impelled to the new proposals never happen in a decent home. And if it be true that marriage is a gamble, it might, then, be wise to follow the old injunction, "Never gamble!"

It has been said that a man usually gets the wife that he deserves; occasionally he gets better than he deserves. After a varied career I accept the dictum as generally true.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER":—"Old Joe CLOSED HIS EYES SHARPLY, then turned his face away, and STARED WITH HALF-SHUT EYELIDS through the paddock."

"BUCKS HERALD" (advertisement):—"BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. Close to Railway Station, and ONLY THREE QUARTERS OF A MILE FROM LONDON. In the centre of a fine Hunting country."

"WEEKLY DISPATCH":—"I am looking forward to the London production of . . . 'The Outsider,' which WAS PRODUCED at Folkestone TO-MORROW."

"SIDCUP AND DISTRICT TIMES":—"Dances are held EVERY THURSDAY FORTNIGHTLY at the Crown Hotel."

"DAILY GRAPHIC":—"One lady with LONG SHORT hair like an aureole."

"BOYS' MAGAZINE":—"The Britishers who were ALREADY ON THE FLOOR, THREW THEMSELVES TO THE GROUND."

"WIZARD":—"They could HEAR THE TWO PARTNERS SHOUTING ORDERS, but the DOOR WAS TOO THICK TO PERMIT THE SOUND TO COME THROUGH."

"DAILY SKETCH":—"He . . . brought out and adjusted his GLASSES, the better to HEAR the sermon."

"WILTS AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE STANDARD" (advertisement:—"Wanted, willing man as Groom (car, NO HORSE)."

"SOUTHEND STANDARD" (advertisement):—"Single BEDROOMS, IN LOVELY OLD GARDEN."

"KINEMA COMIC":—"The count GLANCED . . . AT HIS VISITOR'S WRIST, which, however, was CONCEALED IN HIS POCKET."

"NEWS OF THE WORLD":—"AT DOVER their Majesties . . . embarked on the Biarritz and . . . CROSSED TO DOVER."

"SOUTH WALES EVENING EXPRESS" (advertisement):—"For Sale, Choice and ENVIABLY-PLACED FREEHOLD RING, Emerald Cluster Ring."

"WEEKLY WELCOME":—"She snatched up Reuben Harden's confession, and thrust it into the heart of the GLOWING FIRE HOLDING IT DOWN WITH HER BARE HANDS till it was reduced to ashes."

"FRINTON TIMES":—"Wanted a few second-hand WHITE Tiles any shape or COLOUR."

"DAILY MIRROR":—"'All right' said Anna with her CURLY SMILE."

"EVENING NEWS":—"M. Louis Blériot, the FIRST AIRMAN TO CROSS THE CHANNEL—IN 1910—did so with a 25 h.p. engine."

"CONTINENTAL DAILY MAIL":—"The boys stole FIVE BICYCLES AND £11 FROM A GOLFER'S POCKET."

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

A Cad's Threat.

"WHEN, some years ago, my mother died and I was left alone with the exception of one married sister, she and her husband begged me to make my home with them. I did so, and had not lived there many weeks before my brother-in-law ruined me. Eventually I took a situation some miles away until my baby was born, and when he was only three weeks old my brother-in-law came and took him away, saying he was going to put the baby on his doorstep and find it and take it in, and that they would bring it up as their own. This was done, and my sister is very fond and proud of him, having no children of her own.

"Now it is the same old story: I have met a man I love and who loves me, and wishes to marry me. My brother-in-law says that if I do, he will tell my sister I am the mother of the child. What can I do? My whole future happiness will be ruined if he carries out his threat."

"Humanist" says:—*Tell your brother-in-law that if he carries out his threat I will publish the full story with his name and address.*

The Call of a Sister.

"SOME years ago my sister ran away from home to get married to a man who turned out to be a scoundrel, and who has since left her. My father and brothers have never forgiven her for running away and for leaving my mother, who had been bedridden for years, and who has since died.

"Now my sister has written to me to say that she is very ill and in poverty, and asking me to go to see her. My father and brothers will not hear of it, and say that, if I do so, they will never speak to me again. Please tell me where my duty lies—to my only sister who is in such straits, which will mean my being disowned, or to my father and brothers."

"Humanist" says:—*I shouldn't worry about being "disowned" by a father and brothers who apparently are without any sense of decency or charity. Go and see your sister.*

His German Girl.

"IN 1920 I lost my job owing to trade slump, and went abroad in order to live as cheaply as possible until the tide turned. While in Germany last autumn I met a girl who voluntarily gave up her situation, and with the last remains of my savings took a shop, built up a very good trade and thus saved my life. Without that, my savings would have been exhausted and I would have lost my power of recovery.

"Now, however, I am offered a good job in England, likely to be permanent, and I am trying to decide whether the higher moral duty is to stand by the girl who took all risks and stood by and saved me in my hour of utmost need, or whether a difference of race, difference of religion, disapproval of my parents, the certainty of exile and other disadvantages should tell me that I will have only survived one disaster to risk an even greater one. For the girl I have the greatest admiration and respect."

"Humanist" says:—*It seems to me that the time to have had all these misgivings and perturbations was before you accepted the girl's help. I am not greatly impressed by the workings of your tardy conscience. Your reluctance to stand by the girl does not suggest that your respect for her is genuine.*

The Best for Her Boy.

"TWO years ago my husband died, leaving me with two little boys, then aged five and two respectively. Although not left quite penniless, I have had to work to keep our home together, though it is a hard struggle.

"Recently a wealthy couple who have come to live in our neighbourhood have asked me to let them adopt my eldest boy, of whom they are very fond. My husband's people seem to think I should give him up, as they say that when he is older he will reproach me for not giving him his chance in life. Must I give him up entirely, or should I work on for him and let him take his chance? I am well and strong, and quite able to work."

"Humanist" says:—*Then work. The easiest way (from a financial standpoint) is to hand him over to somebody else; take no notice of what your husband's people say. I am much more disinterested, and I tell you that boys do not reproach their mothers for sticking to them.*

Slandered by a Cousin.

"I HAVE been left a legacy by my uncle—a wealthy old bachelor. I have a second cousin, whose mother, my first cousin, was very friendly with my old uncle. The cousin expected to get the money left to me.

He is weak-minded, but not an imbecile. The loss of the money has preyed on him so much that he is now obsessed with the idea that he is being wronged. He is actually spreading the false story that I am illegitimate, and other scandalous tales of this kind.

"I don't want to take legal action, because of his mother, who has been very kind to me, and because I know he is not altogether responsible. What should I do?"

"Humanist" says: *Get the poor boy's mother to take him away for a time. He will probably recover his balance. Failing that you are entitled to protect yourself by legal action. Personally I would ignore his statements.*

Ashamed of His Job.

"I AM 28 years of age and have, for the past two years, been employed as a chauffeur. I have received a public school education, and have had about six years business experience, during which time I have held several responsible positions, but all of these I have wasted through lack of ambition.

"I love my present work, but am not altogether happy, as I know that I am worthy of a much better job, and do not feel that I am acting quite fairly to my parents, who are rather ashamed of my occupation. But I am sure that I should not be able to stick to office work again unless I were to receive a very good remuneration, which at the present time is impossible. What would you advise me to do?"

"Humanist" says: *Do what you CAN do. The parents who are ashamed of seeing their sons in any kind of work have a comic sense of values.*

A Child's Good Name.

"WHEN a boy I fell in love with a girl and a child was born. Marriage was forbidden by the parents on both sides on account of our youth. I went abroad and made good.

"Coming home I find the girl about to marry a respectable man. I am no longer in love with her or she with me.

"But if she marries me, her child and mine may be ultimately legitimised by Parliament. If she marries the other man the child's future is clouded.

"I have asked the girl to marry me—for the child's sake. She refuses. What should I do?"

"Humanist" says:—*If the girl has refused to marry you, you have no choice in the matter. Ask her to tell her lover; if he is a man he will arrange that you should have access to your child and be allowed a father's influence and part in bringing it up.*

Boy's Emigration Craze.

"I AM a boy of sixteen, big and strong and healthy. It has long been my ambition to emigrate to Australia under the Government scheme, but my parents do not like the idea. At the present time I earn barely enough to keep me, and I hate to be a drag on anybody.

"If I stop here I will only stay in the same rut all my life, and I want to go where I can work and live like a man and have chances to get on in life. If I insist, I think I may be able to win my people to my way of thinking. Do you think I should do so?"

"Humanist" says:—*If you want to see the world: Join the Army. It is the finest method of getting out of ruts I know. Why should you do any better in Australia than in England?*

£7,500 was won by a Bristol Lady.

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THE DERBY—"SHOPPING" A FRIEND—NOVEL FREE DERBY COMPETITION.

Our New Feature.

This week I have inaugurated a new feature on this page. For the benefit of JOHN BULL readers I have secured the services of the best horse-watcher in Newmarket, and his comments, which will be found on the next page, should be most carefully noted by all readers who want to beat the book.

The Derby.

We are now approaching the great classic, and, thanks to the mystery of Clarehaven Lodge—which is probably no mystery at all—people who are betting on the Derby are betting very cautiously. I am told to unload my wallet on Town Guard, win enough to pay for a three years' cruise in the Pacific, throw up journalism for that time and go away and reduce my fat.

That is also the view of our Newmarket man; and really the only "if" about Town Guard when you come to think of it, is whether he can stay. I have held the view that he couldn't. Mr. Gilpin is equally emphatic that he can. The only difference between Mr. Gilpin and me is that he knows what he's talking about, and I don't. I am only arguing from evidence produced at third hand: he argues from his own knowledge; and in these circumstances it seems silly to oppose him.

Papyrus.

I don't think the performance of Papyrus at Chester told us anything at all, except that Papyrus can get round those damnable turns and beat moderate horses; whilst I thought that Ellangowan was about as fit as he could be made. If we have heavy rain for a week previously, I shall back Parth, in spite of the fact that the knowledgeable ones tell me he can't stay. I don't think he can stay on hard ground, anyway.

"Shopping" a Friend.

I was at a local race meeting the other day, and backed a winner. After the race was all over, I learnt that I had put my fiver on a horse that was not fancied, even though he won by the length of a street. In proof that he wasn't fancied, I was told quite solemnly that his owner had only had a few pounds on him. When I grew sceptical, my friends grew equally wrathful. Would the owner "shop" them? Would he tell them a lie? It was unbelievable!

The truth is that an owner and a trainer have to shop their friends—there's nobody else to shop. If you're a man with a stable of horses and a larger stable of friends, what are you to do when, having incurred heavy expenses throughout the year, you bring a horse on to the course with the certainty that it will win? Are you to tell every friend you've got and let them rush into Tattersall's and bring the horse down to five to four? Or are you to do a little scientific lying?

You must either do one or the other. You've either got to shop your friends or shop yourself, because, if you tell your best pal the strength of a trial, it's a million to one that he'll never keep it to himself, or else he'll put his money down with such lavishness that the shrewd watchers of the money in Tattersall's will jump in, and your horse is going to be even money before you know where you are.

The Owner Has To Live.

Knowing these things, I never really get angry with owners when they tell me their horses can't stay two miles, even when I find afterwards that they've had a packet on themselves. The owner has got to live—a fact which some of his friends refuse to recognise.

The best answer that any owner or trainer can give to an enquirer is: "You know the form of this horse as well as I know it. He is trying, and that's all I can say."

The Beary Case.

At the moment of writing, Beary's case is what is commonly called *sub judice*, though, of course, it is not *sub judice* at all in the strict legal sense. It is alleged that he brought down Freddy Lane in the race which ought to have been won by Golly Eyes, and Lane launched an objection for foul riding. It is unfortunate that Beary has been in trouble before over the same complaint, and as two very powerful stewards, in Lords Derby and Durham, have referred the matter to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, it looks rather as though Beary is going to be in serious trouble. It is extremely unfortunate that this most capable jockey is so unpopular with his fellows, and that his tactics on the race-course have so often brought him under official censure. One hopes that at the expiry of whatever punishment the Stewards of the Jockey Club award, he will return a chastened soul. He is too good a jockey to lose.

My Double.

Last week I warned readers of JOHN BULL against backing horses at Chester without knowing the draw. I won £120 on Wednesday on horses that were as badly drawn as any—Misnal and Chivalrous. And I had a treble with £149 to go on to Idumea. Curse her!

The Prizewinner.

And talking of trebles and accumulators, you'd be surprised at the number of people who pulled off three and four horses in my competition. The winner is:—

C. H. LEUCHEN,
34, West Street,
Edmonton, N. 9,

whose accumulator ran:

Sewing Machine
Top Gallant
Portumna
Moidore.

On a £1 stake he won £809 10s.! A tenner will be forwarded to him.

My Derby Prize.

I'm not giving a prize this week, but for Derby week I'm asking the editor to raise the prize money to £25, and I'm going to ask you to engage in a novel competition (suggested by one of the fancy bets of my long-priced bookmakers). I shall ask you to name

The First and The Last

in the Derby, *and state the price at which the winner will start.* I want the answers on postcards to reach me by the first delivery on the morning of Saturday, June 2nd. The prize will go to the competitor who most nearly approaches the exact result. Don't start sending postcards until the week before the Derby.

An Apt Quotation.

Racing writers are not given to literary quotations, but I often wonder why nobody ever quotes those lines of Browning which so perfectly describe the agony of a short-head defeat or a "nose" victory.

"The little more and how much it is,
The little less and how far to go!"

Guedella's Very Young Ideas.

A Mr. Guedella has been writing learnedly (and with that liberal employment of parentheses which passes for style amongst laborious writers) about taxing the gambler. It is neither my duty nor privilege to illuminate the confused and muddled minds that are grappling with this subject, but when Guedella sniffs at the thoroughbred racehorse and describes it as an "emaciated invalid," and scoffs at the utility of improving the breed of horses, he is throwing back to an ancestry which could not be expected to understand so thoroughly English a sport as horse racing.

Gladiators or Bull-fighters.

I don't know whether the original Guedellas were gladiators or bull-fighters, or just folk who tossed for pieces of silver on the banks of the Jordan, but I'll

Best Thing of the Week,
STRAITLACE.
To-day.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative tips if the principal selection is absent.

NEWMARKET (WEDNESDAY).

1.30 **Lepanto** (Larkspur II. c., Grave and Gay).
2.30 **Royal Hussar** (Jacquot, Blagueur).
3. 0 **Top Gallant** (Tranquil, Knockando).
3.30 **Copper King** (Bold Danby, Romagna).
4. 0 **Straitlace** (Grand Excel, Mumtaz Mahal).
4.30 **American Boy** (Scyphius, Mouse-Trap).
5. 0 **Pombal** (Saucer, Synorix).

NEWMARKET (THURSDAY).

1. 0 **Fancy Man** (Hill Country, Bart Snowball).
1.30 **Descombe** (Sierra Leone, Valparaiso).
2. 0 **Ronaldshay** (Mansouriyah, Carmel).
2.30 **Pharos** (Portumna, Roger de Busli).
3. 0 **Pilgrim's March** (Quakeress, Appleby).
3.30 **Wild Hint** (Well Shot, Jason).

GATWICK (FRIDAY).

2. 0 **Agenda** (The Bailiff, Tobermory).
2.30 **Sibilant** (Vain Percy, Angoni).
3. 0 **Postaster** (Overseer, Nora McTavish).
3.30 **Widow Bird** (Squarrson, Crescendo).
4. 0 **Jacynth** (Cuckoo, Meandering).
4.25 **Will's Neck** (Hard Battle, Old Nic).

GATWICK (SATURDAY).

2. 0 **Credenda F.** (Critical, Princess Vi).
2.30 **Miss China Keen** (Breelane, Martinique).
3. 0 **Neverswood** (High Court, Sword Play).
3.30 **Flint Jack** (Recess, East Tor).
4. 0 **Pombal** (Monnais, Silver Hue).
4.25 **Tess of Henley** (Misk, Holy Willie).

AYR (FRIDAY).

TRIAL SELLING.—**Dreamy Dame.**
CRAIGENGILLAN PLATE.—**Hunting Morn.**
MAY SELLING H'CAP.—**Under the Rose.**
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THOSE HANDICAPS—NEWMARKET LETTER—SOME HORSES TO FOLLOW.

take a slight shade of odds that, in whatever manner they passed their time and did in their stuff, there was a "highly complicated financial organisation" hovering in the background. And as it was with them there Guedellas, so it is with us Smiths.

Overheard.

"No, sir," said the stable lad, "he ain't much to look at, and he's a devil to do, but there's times when he gets it into his head that the police are after him, and that's the time to back him because he runs like 'ell!"

This is a true and faithful record of a conversation overheard by me in the paddock at Hurst. And queerly enough, the horse won. More queerly, he shied at a mounted policeman on his way to the post. Maybe in a former incarnation he was a thief. So many horses still are.

Two-Y.O. Handicap.

As soon as Ascot is over, I want to get out a little two-year-old handicap book. Get the handicap right, and you can back winners almost every day of the week. So far, however, you'd have to put Cymruminn c. 14 lbs. above anything seen out but Grand Lassie. And they say Grandeur is better than she!

What I have discovered, after a rough examination of the T.Y.O. form, is that the selling platers aren't far below the more classy performers. Cuckoo, for example, isn't much under Perhaps So, and Perhaps So is (on the book) about the same horse as the boomed Baroness la Fleche. Plucky Jenny is about 3 lbs. better than Perhaps So, and the plucky one is only 5 lbs. in advance of Desolation g. A scrap of the handicap is:

Plucky Jenny	.. ..	8.12
Dusky Belle	.. ..	8.10
Perhaps So	.. ..	8.9
Baroness la Fleche	..	8.9
Englands Gate	.. ..	8.5
Sunday Rambler	..	8.4
Williamina c.	.. ..	8.4
Billy Beck	.. ..	8.3
Vain Percy	.. ..	8.1
Love Oil f.	.. ..	8.0

This, of course, is only the roughest calculation. Probably the Baroness is streets above that form, but there it is.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Vermena has turned "roarer."

* * *

Copyright's poor show at Newmarket was due to the hard ground.

* * *

Either the North-country two-year-olds are very moderate, or Orland is a good horse.

* * *

Polydipsia, a rare stamp of weight-carrier, was very unlucky to be beaten at the last Newmarkgt meeting.

* * *

Martin Hartigan's apprentice, G. Richards, is quite one of our best light-weights.

* * *

The victory of Papyrus in the Chester Vase makes the Two Thousand form look at least respectable.

* * *

Gilpin is training Town Guard with the special object of getting the colt accustomed to a "left-lead" track.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. (Blackheath).—There are no "universal" rules of betting. Each bookmaker has his own.

T. B. (London).—The big welshers have too many friends at court, and the little welshers aren't worth going after.

SEVENAK. ENQUIRER (Leeds).—The sweepstake is for the benefit of the Meath Hospital, Dublin, to which you should address your enquiry. The first prize is £10,000.

NEWMARKET NOTES.

Town Guard is making new friends here. The majority of touts and onlookers have condemned him long ago, but Mr. Gilpin does not bubble over with excitement when he thinks he has a Derby winner and show everybody what he can do. It is quite the other way about; he manœuvres a little gallop for them, and when Town Guard is supposed to go "badly" he is usually giving away no end of weight. I saw the horse gallop on Saturday, and he came a mile and a quarter with Tacitus and Greek Bachelor. Archibald rode the Derby horse, and no horse could possibly have gone kinder. He strode out with rare freedom, and. had Archibald wished, he could have left them any part of the journey. Knockando, his stable companion, came the same distance with Prestongrange, and no fault could be found with him, and Mr. Gilpin is very lucky to have two such horses the same year.

Ellangowan, Elliott riding, came a nice striding gallop with Melibeus about a mile and a quarter. This horse continues to give every satisfaction. He is as game as they make them. I feel sure he will stay every yard of the course, and I think he is a good each-way investment. Pharos is being talked about as the likely winner, and he can certainly be made much better, and all those connected think they will have the double, Pharos and Tranquil, but they are more hopeful than confident.

Friars Melody is going to be a very much-fancied candidate for the Salford Borough Handicap. He is having a special preparation. Six furlongs is as far as he cares to go, but over that distance he is superior to Portumna or Francis Joseph.

Glitter Agnes, two-year-old, trained by Lines, has been highly tried. He is a long way the best youngster in the string, and all those connected were very confident of success at our last meeting He got away all right, but ran very green and did not seem to be really balanced. The race he had at Newmarket will do him good, and he is one I strongly advise readers to follow.

Grandeur, two-year-old, trained by C. Marsh. This good-looking filly ran at our first spring meeting, where she was close up to the well-fancied Castor Bridge. She has made wonderful improvement since.

Pollyanna, two-year-old, trained by De Mestre. I noticed this filly running well in the Wilbraham Stakes at Newmarket. She was one of the twenty-to-one others, so the stable did not fancy her on this occasion, but, knowing she can go, I do not intend to miss her.

Houdale, five-year-old, trained by Sherwood. He was to have competed last week in the Brinkley Welter, but I believe there was a dispute about the jockey, as Donoghue had promised to ride Houdale, also Brest. He could not ride both, and after a heated argument they decided not to run Houdale, but he is one that will pay to follow.

Indiscretion, two-year-old, trained by J. Jarvis. This grand-looking colt has yet to appear on a racecourse. He goes in grand style, and cannot fail to win races. He may turn out the best of J. Jarvis's youngsters.

Fastolfe, four-year-old, trained by Walters. This horse ran several times last year without being seen in the winning brackets. He has made good progress during the winter, and is going in good style.

Leadune C., two-year-old, trained by R. Day. Was tried very well with Lensfield, three-year-old, previous to running for the First Spring T.Y.O. Stakes. There did not seem to be a lot of money for him, and he may start at a shorter price next time, and most likely will be fighting out the finish.

Porus three-year-old, trained by J. Jarvis. Has been well galloped with Lighthouse (the unluckiest horse of the year, who got left lengths and bumped, and only beaten a head for the Esher Cup). He most probably runs at Epsom; he likes to hear his feet rattle, and the ground is sure to be hard.

ALL SORTS OF SPORT.

Porus will win races.

* * *

Percy Humphries' play was one of the features of the A.G. Championship.

* * *

Polo is going strong at Oxford—Anstruthers, of Trinity, is the new secretary.

* * *

Follow Back Stair—an unlucky horse that will win soon.

* * *

The four wickets Douglas took in one over is short of the record.

* * *

The poverty of boxing is illustrated by the matching of Smith against Beckett.

* * *

Town Guard may start at 5-4 for the Derby.

* * *

The M.C.C. would do well to classify their rules—the trouble about Hall emphasises the confusion.

HORSES TO NOTE.

King Willow (4 yrs.).—Although this colt has already made his mark this season, handicappers exhibit a tendency to treat him leniently. So long as they continue to do so, he will win races.

Frees Heath (6 yrs.).—This old fellow is one of the most consistent performers in Ireland, and if he comes over to this country to take part in a long-distance handicap, he will be worth making a note of.

Tarpon (3 yrs.).—A very useful two-year-old, this colt has progressed in the right way since last season, and it should be an easy matter to place him to win a short-distance handicap.

Beauregard (5 yrs.).—Over a mile and a quarter or thereabouts this is a very useful horse, a fact which it may be advisable to bear in mind when his day arrives.

Topboot (3 yrs.).—Although he did not have a distinguished career last season, this colt looked like training on. He has done so with a vengeance, and, moreover, shapes all over like a stayer.

Doyenne (2 yrs.).—This filly did not get off any too well when beaten at Ripon, and, all things considered, must be regarded as an unlucky loser. She will win in her turn.

East Ter (5 yrs.).—The form of this horse so far this season may be profitably ignored, as he has not been thoroughly wound up. He will do much better next time out.

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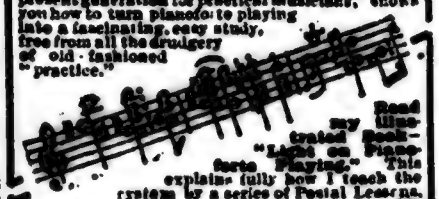

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Railway Carriage Tragedies.

Many railway tragedies have occurred owing to passengers who are unaccustomed to making long journeys at night accidentally opening the outer doors of carriages and stepping out to death. It ought to be compulsory on all companies to fit doors with locks passengers cannot operate, and when there is neglect by their servants in fastening these properly, especially on night trains, they ought to be held legally liable for compensation. Legal responsibility established, many lives might be saved.—*M. B., Birmingham.*

The People Pay.

The Government is reassessing property, valuation being from 25 to 50 per cent. higher. When the rent restriction bill is dead owners will say: "The Government says that my house is worth so much more, therefore, so much more must be the rent." Then the next thing will be a reassessment for rates. What a ramp.—*Ernest J. Long, 70, Clifton Road, Kingston.*

Wage and Salary Distinction.

Why is such a great distinction drawn between the well-dressed clerk with his salary of £2 per week and the shabbily attired workman with his wage of £4? The one is invariably accosted as "Mr. So-and-so" or "Sir," implying a superior position, whereas the workman is either "Brown" or "Bill," and considered deficient in brains and lower in the social scale. This anomaly needs redress, for it justifies the allegation that "Clothes make the man."—*Daisy Farnell, 63, Clarence Road, Handsworth.*

A Dangerous Practice.

Many children lose their lives each year from Tetanus or Lock Jaw caused by stepping on the points of nails thoughtlessly left protruding from boards which are thrown down and left where barefoot children or children with worn thin shoe soles can step on them. It only takes a few moments to remove the nails from the boards. Suppose it were your child? Better be safe than sorry.—*A. L. Potter, Independence, Kansas, U.S.A.*

Potato Profiteers.

Despite the unemployment and starvation in the country at the present time, it is appalling to find the price of potatoes at such a price as 7d. to 1s. 2d. per stone in the cities. Here, in the six counties, I had occasion to visit some friends in the country. During my sojourn I was questioned as to the price of potatoes in the cities. When I quoted the prices above they were surprised. The farmers here are selling them at a great loss at 4½d. per cwt., with thousands of tons going to waste. It is a grave injustice to the farmer and consumer that the merchants should thus be allowed to "hoodwink" the public.—*A. C. Doc, Roden Street, Kircubbin, Co. Down.*

Perambulator Children.

I wonder if it is generally known that hundreds of farm labourer's wives drag their young children into the fields in old perambulators or trucks, some without head covering. The children have to sit or lay and cry for hours, perhaps the mother is five hundred yards away, but she is forced to do this to try and make ends meet. I think it is time the farm labourer was paid a living wage so the wife could bring her children up in decency and comfort as is her right.—*W. H. S., Faversham.*

Old Age Pensioner's Hardships.

Officialdom increases the already desperate plight of many Old Age Pensioners. A few weeks ago a poor widow of my acquaintance was left a tiny annuity. Her delight was soon marred by an inspector taking charge of her book "during enquiries." The book was retained for six weeks and then returned, it having been found that no alteration could be made in the amount payable. What was a poor widow to do during that period? In all cases the Old Age Pension should be payable until it is definitely proved that the claimant is no longer entitled to it.—"*L. G. V.*," *Stanley Road, Bracknell, Berks.*

British Films Abroad.

If British film producers hope to get a firm footing in the foreign markets, they will have to commence looking at their films from a foreign besides English point of view. Several star films shown on the Continent lately have not had the success deserved, owing to the fact that a lot of the humour was not understood. I refer to the use of such things as beer jugs and pocket whisky flasks, which are not known on the Continent. Slight alterations in small points like these would make the films better understood, and greater successes.—*Robert J. Simms, 8, Bis Rue Morand, Paris, France.*

Cameras for the Police.

Why shouldn't the police carry small but efficient cameras? If an accident occurred, photographic evidence would

be invaluable and there are dozens of other circumstances in which this little "gadget" would prove of use.—*E. E. F. Burt, 497, Green Lanes, London, N. 4.*

A "Domestic's" Hours.

Is it right to expect a domestic servant to work 98 hours per week, with only 7 hours off duty, allowing 63 hours for sleep, and no regular time for meals? Can it be wondered at the difficulty in securing domestics?—*W. M. B., Stratford.*

Who Should Keep the Purse?

There ought to be little hesitation on the part of anyone endowed with ordinary common sense, in deciding who should be Chancellor of the Exchequer in the domestic circle, as any husband who has exercised the necessary discretion in the selection of a partner for life is manifestly convinced that his better-half is the right and proper person to wisely disburse the weekly wage to the best possible advantage, and to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned. Therefore, let all loyal husbands leave this question of wage distribution entirely under their jurisdiction, in order to achieve the happiest results.—*John F. Morrison, 94, Pitt Street, Edinburgh.*

Are Soldiers' Lives Cheap?

Wembley Stadium structure was tested by 1,200 soldiers. Why? Did someone suppose soldiers' lives were of less value than others? Was it thought to be employment as well as recreation for them? If grief came to the mass, where would the final pull and test have been—on some insurance company—or on the Ministry of Pensions?—*N. S., Charnwood Road, S. Norwood, S.E. 25.*

Dressmakers' Dodges.

Young women in the dressmaking and millinery trades, when out of job, can, and do, pick up a fair amount in home work for friends and others. With this and the unemployment money they are often better off than when in full work. A few weeks ago, wanting a worker, I sent to the Bureau. A girl came, handed me a card and said, "Will you sign it here?" ("*Here*" read, "the worker you have sent me is *not* suitable"). The girl did not want to come—did not intend to come—and wanted the card signed in order to get back to the Exchange quickly. Comment is needless.—"*Manager*," *Saville Street, Hull.*

Age Limit for Cooks.

A judge in the Courts the other day remarked there were no cooks. I should like to say that there are plenty, if people would only engage experienced women instead of flappers. If the prospective masters or mistresses would ask many of these a few questions, they would speedily find that such applicants don't even know the meaning of the word entree, have never seen a brace of birds, have no idea how they ought to be cooked, and as for carving a joint in the good old-fashioned economical way, well the less said about that the better. I have met, in the last few weeks, women, including myself, artists in cooking, turned down because they are in middle life. Is not this both unfair and foolish?—*C. H., 10, Forest Road, Edmonton.*

Keeping Food Clean.

The City of Dallas, Texas, has passed a law ordaining that any person working in a food establishment must have a reputable medical certificate stating that he—or she—is free from any communicable disease. The proprietor of a meat market there was convicted and heavily fined for working in his own establishment without a health certificate. Isn't it about time we had a similar ordinance in this country? As the law stands here at present there is nothing to prevent any person suffering from loathsome, infectious or contagious disease from handling our bread, milk, butcher-meat, etc. We have only to observe the careless handling of foodstuffs in transport to see where danger to public health lies.—*Patrick J. Bradley, Robroyston Mains, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow.*

People Who Don't Deserve Pets.

How can one make a pointed enough protest to pierce the stony heart of a woman who deliberately "loses" her dog by leaving it outside a big shop, first removing its collar and emerging by another door to mount a 'bus and disappear? This trick was witnessed by an acquaintance recently, and I am told it is not uncommon. There is hardly a more pathetic sight in our crowded streets than a lost dog whose anxious misery is visible to the densest apprehension. A post card to any of half a dozen dog shelters would bring someone to remove any superfluous animal for humane death.—*J. F. Bruce, 15, Douro Place, Kensington.*

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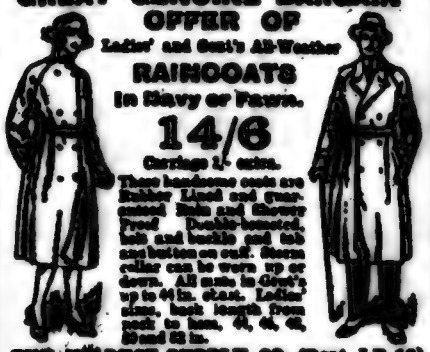

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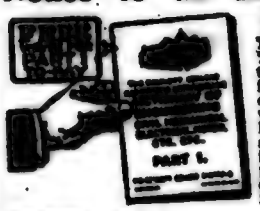

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THE HOLBORN SUPPLY CO. (Dept. J.B.) Metcon Chambers, 304, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.
1st Floor, Adjoining Holborn Empire

GOOD RESULTS FROM EVERY SNAP SHOT

IF you want the best results from every photograph, send for Booklet "Getting the Best out of your Snapshots." Also send a Film Negative for a Specimen Print. Address your letter to Dept. 7, Ensign Snapshot Service, Walthamstow, E.17, and the booklet and print will be sent to you FREE

We send you this **COSTUME** for **12/-**

SPECIAL OFFER. Smart spring costume in ALL WOOL MEN'S WEIGHT SUITING SERGE. It is cut on slender lines, ornamented with silk cable stitching, finished off with hand embroidery. The belt is clasped with an antique metal buckle, the skirt is well balanced and of comfortable walking width. Price 12/11.
When ordering, state length, bust and sleeve length.
Write for our patterns and booklet "Chic and Serviceable Modes," illustrating all wool coat frocks, tastefully embroidered from 12/11 (5/- monthly).
All goods sent on receipt of first payment; satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. All our garments are made to measure.
LEAGUE & HARDY, (Dept J.B.), 28, Piccadilly, Manchester.

12/6 Monthly

is all you pay for our No. 6084 "Lord Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Fully nickel plated, richly enamelled, lined in colours. Post packed free. carriage paid on
15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory sealed mounts. Tyres and accessories 331/3 below shop price. Write TO-DAY for testimonials and illustrated art catalogue.
Cycle Company (Lucas), (Dept. B.697), Birmingham.

32/6 CARRIAGE PAID.

The Proved
FINEST Lighting Set on the Market.
The lamp, with the 2.5-ft. beam of brilliant white light, Makes night riding delightful. Fitted with the F.R.S. Optical Lens—fam as for 16 years—and th bottom screw generation. Every set ready I to for use. Has sent daily 17 from stock 32/6. Post Paid. Cost lots satisfied has guaranteed. Mone back Horns, loud-est in the world. 18/-, post paid.
F.R.S. LAMPS Rear Works, Station St., Limited. BIRMINGHAM.

PERFECT-FITTING LOUNGE SUIT on EASY TERMS from 63/- to measure. Supplied on first payment of 8/-, balance 8/- monthly. The finest Suit values ever offered, in all the latest cloths and colourings—Serges, Worsteds, Cashmeres, Tweeds, etc. Cut, made and finished by master-craftsmen. Call at any of our establishments for free patterns and style booklet, or write and they will be sent free, together with our simple self-measurement form.

BENSONS
69, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (corner of Queen Street)
218, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1 (opp. Bond Lane)
[illegible] (near Kingsway)
[illegible] (near Victoria Station)
[illegible] (opposite Bank Tube)
71, 72, 73, [illegible] (opposite Queen's Hall)
Branches in [illegible]
(Est. 1885.)

"Just one more, Daddy!
let's make the most of the Rhubarb while we can."

From the garden, Mother always demands one more stick, because at mealtimes everyone is ready for one more helping.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

refines the healthful acid qualities of Rhubarb, making it a glorious dish, invigorating, refreshing and safe.

To-day's prices for all sizes of Bird's Custard:— Tins 1/6; boxes 1/1 & 6½; pkts. 1½d.

GRAVES
GREATEST GRAMOPHONE VALUE IN THE WORLD.

The Graves Gramophone is unrivalled in tone quality and it is the very essence of dependability. Built with infinite care and finished with unsurpassed excellence.

5/- NOW

Delivered securely packed & carriage paid to approved order for 5/- with order. Balance in 12 monthly payments of 5/- if satisfied. Money refunded if you are disappointed.

The Graves Gramophone has a powerful and sweet-toned sound collector, powerful motor, hand-some sound horn, tone arm & natural tone sound box. Price £3/.

CATALOGUE Post Free.
J. G. Graves Ltd., Sheffield

TOOLS.
Before Buying elsewhere send for our Bargain List No. 23A. It will certainly pay you.
SENT POST FREE ON RECEIPT OF POST CARD
GEORGE ADAMS (Regd. J.B.)
256/6, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it! Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

S. A. M. (Rotherhithe).—"If you care to publish the enclosed verses, you may." You should have said "If you dare."

MAISIE (Whitstable).—"I do not believe everything I am told." You would be a foolish lass if you did.

C. R. T. (Bolton).—"I should like to live in a country where it is always hot." Be patient, and you may get your wish.

A YOUNG READER (Kew).—"Don't you think you are sometimes a bit too critical?" We live in critical times, sonnie.

C. (Boston).—"I am only fifteen, but I have read JOHN BULL for years." You show a discrimination far beyond your age.

W. T. (Holbeck).—"Can you throw any light upon the high price of matches?" No, sir; and half the matches can't either.

C. E. J. (Woodbridge).—"My one ambition is to be in 'Who's Who'." To achieve that, you must dig out another ambition.

MAN ABOUT TOWN (Bermondsey).—"A lot of ridiculous nonsense is talked about the frequenters of night clubs." And by them.

EVACUEES (Wigan).—"School teaching is practically a perpetual Christmas party." No wonder some teachers look as if they've a pain.

BE WARNED (Chorley).—"The devil is still prowling about, at racecourses, whist drives, dancing halls, etc." An ubiquitous individual, evidently.

W. J. W. (Glasgow).—"America has passed a Prohibition Act: Why should this be nullified by rum-running?" Be a little more charitable. How would *you* like it?

J. H. B. (Bolton).—"Is it possible to get at the plain, unvarnished facts about Russia?" Yes. The plain fact is that Russia is in a chaotic plight, due to an insane experiment in Communism.

D. T. J. (Llwynpia).—"There is not a Welshman under fifty who cannot speak English better than the average Englishman." Better than the average Englishman can speak Welsh, if you like. Otherwise, rubbish!

A. G. (Edinburgh).—"I would like to draw attention to the fact that the Government are not practising what they preach." When a Government does, the Millennium may rightly be considered round the corner.

OVERWORKED (E. Dereham).—"I want to find a job where I only have to work about one week per year." Only two alternatives suggest themselves to us: A hot cross-bun maker, or a professional heavyweight boxer.

VOTER (Manchester).—"Are there any M.P.'s who do not accept their salaries?" We believe there are four.

C. T. (Grantham).—"I believe everybody has a double." We had one the other day, but it went down.

JEMIMA (Long Eaton).—"Would you advise me to change my name?" That depends on who the lucky man is.

DAY OF REST (Salford).—"I do not agree with picture houses being open on Sundays." We are inexpressibly grieved.

ANON. (Erith).—"I don't think much of JOHN BULL." There are indications in your letter that you don't think much at all.

W. H. B. (Nelson).—"What this country wants is more public spirit." Do you mean you want whisky in the water fountains?

RED RUBE (Longsight).—"What does red hair show?" Imperviousness to rude remarks; you get used to them while you're young.

SPIRITIST (Harrow).—"I cannot get my wife to believe in fairies." No discerning wife ever did believe her husband's fairy stories.

R. R. (Coventry).—"I understand it's lucky to have a ring made of hair of elephant's tail." Have another look at the elephant's tail.

PROGRESS (Orpington).—"Shall we ever fly to and from work?" Probably we shall one day. Quite a lot of people we know fly from it already.

REGISTERED (Ladywell).—"I always look forward to Wednesdays." Very discriminating of you. Personally, Friday is our favourite day.

TAKEN IN (Keighley).—"Why do some dentists advertise 'painless extractions' when they hurt like blazes?" The painlessness is on their side.

HESITANT (Rochdale).—"If I get married, is it compulsory to have my wife's mother to live with us?" No, sir, neither compulsory nor desirable.

TYKE (Doncaster).—"As far as I'm concerned, give me a good brass band." Sorry; we've a battered Boy Scout's bugle at home, if that's any use.

CONSTANT READER (Fifeshire).—"Where can I obtain a ticket for the Calcutta Sweepstake?" Nowhere, unless you know a member of the Club.

CLEANLINESS (Balham).—"Watering carts are very excellent things." And very useful for forecasting the weather: their appearance is usually followed by rain.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

BARMAN (Newcastle).—"I want to do something useful for the world." Well aren't you?

T. S. (Northallerton).—"A capital levy is a certainty." Certainties have a habit of coming unstuck.

BITTEN (Lavender Hill).—"Seaside landladies are the limit." We have also heard them called other things.

MOLLIE B. (Swansea).—"Is it better for a girl to be ornamental or useful?" The ideal is a judicious mixture of both.

HIGHBROW (Lancing).—"The modern novel irritates me beyond expression." The obvious remedy is not to read them.

COMMERCIAL (Retford).—"Would you advise me to buy a Ford car?" We must decline to be made responsible in such matters.

J. McF. (Ardrossan).—"I maintain we all have criminal tendencies." Are you speaking merely for your own town, or for all Scotsmen?

J. M. L. (Leeds).—"I have invented a hair tonic which will grow hair on a billiard ball." We fear this would make the game too complicated.

CRICKETER (Neath).—"Who do you think will win the Cricket Championship this year?" It's a bit early to say, but it won't go to Wales.

HOUSEKEEPER (Northwood).—"When may we hope that food prices will return to normal?" Any time you like, but it won't make any difference.

LISTENER IN (Muswell Hill).—"Do you think we shall ever be able to talk to Mars?" Personally, we would prefer a little chat with Venus.

S. T. W. (Cromer).—"The modern schoolboy seems to care more about his physical than his mental development." Better than the other way round.

LYRICIST (Tring).—"Had I the gift of tongues, How blithely would I sing of all those happy days before I went to Tring." So, we imagine, would Tring.

W. R. (Waltham Cross).—"Is there any way of telling a real pearl necklace from an imitation?" Yes: take it to a pawnbroker. If he sends for the police, it's real.

SUBURBIA (Wandsworth).—"The man who invented the piano has a lot to answer for." The fellow we'd like to meet is the inventor of five finger exercises.

H. F. G. (Mortlake).—"How can I stop my woman lodger declaiming Shakespeare in the small hours?" You might try a gramophone, but then the remedy would be worse than the *disease*.

L. C. (Londonderry).—"Irish mails are so uncertain that my *Bullets* may not have arrived in time." If your *Bullets* were received too late for thorough adjudication, they would have been returned to you together with your entry-fee.

ELIZABETH (Lambeth).—"My way with wife-beaters would be sharp." Good for you, Liz.

UNICORN (Clapham).—"How little we know of our legislators!" And what a little there *is* to know!

UNPOPULAR (Portsmouth).—"Can you recommend anything for cold feet?" Yes, hot water bottles.

SCRIBE (Pontypridd).—"I am enclosing you a short article." For the love of Mike never send us a long one.

E. H. P. (Grimsby).—"I have been living *incognito* for some years." We take it you mean under an alias.

MABEL (Manchester).—"I am sending you my photo. As a child I won a prize at a Baby Show." *Sic transit gloria.*

J. G. S. (Kingston).—"Is walking under a ladder really unlucky?" Only if the ladder happens to fall down on you.

FARMER'S WIDOW (Liverpool).—"The British Government is the worst enemy the British have." We wish you were right.

W. T. S. (Lee).—"How many more women than men are there in London?" At the last census in 1921, the figure was 341,365.

AIGY (Altrincham).—"The more I see of girls, the less I like them." Clearly you prefer the fashions of ten or twelve years ago.

F. A. (Kinross).—"Must one know anything about politics to enter Parliament?" It is desirable, though obviously not essential.

JOE L. (Twickenham).—"I could tell you a lot of things about the police force." Never boast about your experiences, Joe.

B. B. (Birmingham).—"Scientists say that we are never nearer death than when we sneeze." Then we look like living a long while.

P. S. A. (Leighton Buzzard).—"A man I know claims to know the whole Bible by heart." He must have missed the bits about telling the truth.

J. W. J. (B. E. Africa).—"Great will be the day when good, clean electricity is installed in all houses." What kind do you have—soiled?

UNINFORMED (Cosham).—"What does it mean to take something with a grain of salt?" It means that otherwise it is difficult to swallow.

NEW WOMAN (Leominster).—"Are there still any professions which have not been thrown open to women?" Yes, the Church and the Army.

T. B. (Parkhead).—"Profiteering is causing hundreds to embrace Bolshevism." Some people will embrace anything—particularly in the spring.

ALLOTMENTEER (Walthamstow).—"I have some carrots on my allotment as big as vegetable marrows." See answer to "P.S.A." above.

G. K. E. (Bootle).—"Is the legend about George Washington and the apple true?" A bit mixed, aren't you? Do you mean Adam or William Tell?

S. G. (Wolverhampton).—"I have frequented public-houses for over 30 years, so cannot be accused of teetotal bigotry." It seems a fair inference.

H. A. F. (Edge Hill).—"What is the meaning of archaic language?" It means language which is obsolete: such, for instance, as that used in the Ark.

HUMPTY DUMPTY (Knottingley).—"The capitalistic system is rapidly collapsing." We had a presentiment we were going to hear some bad news this week.

THIRSTY (Levenshulme).—"I am told that tea ruins the nerves, whisky the liver, beer the complexion, etc. Is there no really safe drink?" Alas, no! Even water rots the soles of one's shoes.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Let "JOHN BULL" send you a

* 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE!

See page 2 of cover.

ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

EDWARD LLOYD, Ltd.

Recovery in Second Half of 1922 and Improved Prospects for 1923.

The Thirty-third ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Edward Lloyd, Limited, was held on May 11th, at the Head Office of the Company, 4–7, Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, E.C. Mr. FRANK LLOYD, the Chairman and Governing Director, presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. T. Gerald Denson) having read the Notice convening the Meeting, and the Report of the Auditors,

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts, said:—

At the General Meeting, held in October last, your Directors expressed their regret that they were unable to present a Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account for the year ended 31st December, 1921, owing to the delay in obtaining a settlement of the Company's claim for repayment of Excess Profits Duty. This has only been effected within the last few weeks, so your Directors are presenting a Balance Sheet covering the two years to 31st December, 1922.

As explained in the Report, the bad result for this period was mainly due to the heavy loss resulting from the writing down of our large stocks of raw materials at the end of 1921 and to the reduced production of paper in the first half of that year owing to the Coal Strike. The last six months of 1922 saw a return to greatly improved results, whilst the production of paper for that year was over 20,000 tons in excess of the previous year. This enabled us to wipe out part of the loss on the working of 1921 and to show a profit of £182,689 3s. 9d. for the two years. We were unable to recommend any dividend on the Ordinary Shares for 1921, but we are now recommending a final dividend of 6¼ per cent. for 1922, making with the interim dividend of 1¼ per cent. paid in October last, a total of 7½ per cent. for the year, equivalent to an average of 3¾ per cent. per annum over the full period.

The demand for our product is now very active, and our machines are all running at their fullest capacity. Our production is larger than ever and we look forward to a record output in 1923 and a return to normal prosperity. The pulp Mills in Norway are turning out a high grade pulp which continues to yield very satisfactory results.

THE ACCOUNTS.

A reference to the Accounts, reveals a very strong financial position. Stocks and book debts have decreased by no less than £581,335 18s. 3d., during the period under review, and creditors, bills payable, and sundry other liabilities, show a fall of £423,091 11s. 9d. Cash in hand is less by £773 15s. 2d. You will therefore see that working Capital to the extent of £158,918 1s. 3d. has been released as the result of the fall in value of raw materials and the manufactured article, of which £133,499 15s. 10d. has been added to our investments, and £25,418 5s. 10d. to our Land, Buildings, and Machinery, after allowing for depreciation written off.

IMPORTANT EXTENSIONS.

We have recently put in hand a large addition to the Mill on a suitable site, midway between the present Mill and Ridham Dock, comprising two wide and fast running paper machines with the most up-to-date preparatory plant, embodying all the latest improvements, which we hope to put into operation early next year. The most careful study has been given to every detail in this new development, and it is hoped that it will represent the highest possible efficiency and economy in the production of "News."

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE STAFF AND EMPLOYEES.

I desire to offer our warmest congratulations to the Staff and Employees for their successful efforts in bringing about the present high efficiency of the Mill. Fuller experience of the 8-hour day has more than confirmed our anticipations of its value, both to the employee and to improved running of the Mill. Our thanks are also due to the Staff and Employees at Hoveton and Vittingdon, at both of which production and quality have been well maintained.

Mr. HARRY LLOYD seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted, and a final dividend of One Shilling and Twopence per share (free of income tax) was declared on the Ordinary Shares, making, with the interim dividend already paid, 7½ per cent. for the year 1922.

The retiring Directors, Lt.-Col. J. R. Garwood, D.S.O., Mr. E. B. Miller, and Mr. Herbert W. Clarke were re-elected and Messrs. Turquand Youngs and Co. were re-appointed Auditors.

The Meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, Directors and Staff.

Small Ads. Worth Watching

Continued from page 3.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.D., Specialist (Dept. T.), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Ossett.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1787K), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

SURGICAL GOODS.—Suspensory Bandages, 2/6, 3/6, and 5/-. Post free, a necessity for all Athletes. Elastic Hosiery, Elbow-caps for "Tennis Elbows," and Wristlets. All Rupture Supports from 5/6 and Surgical Goods of every description. Best quality only at the cheapest prices.—Write for Catalogues, sent post free on application. W. GEORGE, LTD., SURGICAL APPLIANCE MANUFACTURERS, Dept. J., 29 & 31, GREEK STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2. ESTABLISHED 1840 and still foremost and best.

EPILEPTICS requiring a genuine Home-made Remedy should write for full particulars of the finest remedy yet discovered.—Prescription free from Whitby & Co., Dept. B, Wimslow, Cheshire.

LIVE Again.—Genuine rebuilds, Mervos, Forties, sample 20s.—Wilson, Manchester Rd., Bradford.

SURGICAL GOODS. Suspensory Bandages, Elastic Hosiery, Enemas, Syringes, Belts, etc. Write for free Catalogues (Dept. B), Blake's Medical Stores, Bristol.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. — This distressing ailment in children, invalids, adults, quickly cured by "Parker's Remedy," 2/6 bt., D.P., or write for particulars. "Routers," 21a, South Castle Street, Liverpool.

SUSPENSORY BANDAGES, highly recommended for Athletics, Cyclists, etc. Surgical goods of every description at lowest prices. Send a postcard for Catalogue before buying, and see what we have to offer. All goods tested and guaranteed.—[illegible], Dept. J.B., Green Street, Shudehill, Manchester.

ECZEMA sufferers can obtain Instant Relief by applying D.D.D. Prescription.—S nd to-day for a free trial bottle to D.D.D. Laboratories (J.B.6), 3, Fleet Lane, London.

PILES CURED by wonderful threefold absorption treatment. A 5/- package sent free on application. Write to-day.—Dr. Van Vleck Co., Ltd. (J.B.6), 3, Fleet Lane, London.

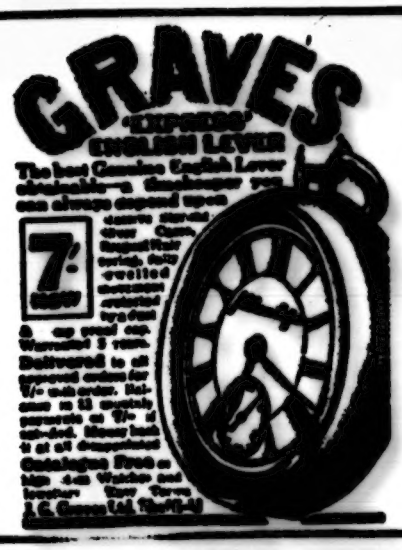
CURED MYSELF Tobacco Craving in two days. Free details curative method stamped address.—Yorker, 3, Cannon Street, London.

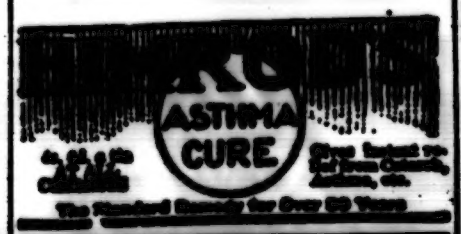
MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

ANTI-BACCA Herbal Smoking Mixture, 4 oz. 1/-, post free. Sample free on request.—Willis, 27, Jansen-road, Stratford E.15.

SEND that 2d. stamp for free sample of "Mend-a-Tear." It will show you how to mend any tears in clothes without a stitch, in two minutes. Macintoshes, too.—Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.





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FREE GIFT COUPON

In an open envelope with a half-penny stamp affixed, and catalogue of gifts, with five free coupons, will come by return.

Name .....

Address .....

BLACK CAT CIGARETTE CO. (Dept 5), 238, City Road, London, E.C.1

SEND for the lucky free gift book. Look through the page after page of fascinating illustrations showing all the wonderful free gifts to be had in exchange for coupons from 'Black Cat' Cigarettes.

Select your gift and start smoking 'Black Cat' to-day. This cigarette is on the top rung of the value ladder. For over twenty years 'Black Cat' Cigarettes have maintained their foremost position by sheer merit. Lucky free gift book and five free coupons sent on receipt of coupon cut from this advertisement.

Black Cat
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6d

75 COUPONS — PURSE in fine will wear and not tear. Selected colours will be supplied wherever possible.

65 COUPONS — LEATHER CASE in Satinwood finish.

65 COUPONS — Gun-metal pencil with pocket clip and refills.

50 COUPONS — GENTS' PURSE in black and grey; size 9 to 11 only.

GRAVES

SUITS.

THE FINEST VALUE IN THE WORLD

That is the honest truth. We challenge comparison. For dependable quality, excellent fit and superlative finish the Graves 50/- suits are without equal.

Graves System ensures satisfaction, and you can order by post with absolute confidence. Our Simple Self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply stylish, reliable, well-fitting garments. 50/-

From 7/6 with order

We Deliver the Graves 50/- suit, carriage paid to approved orders on receipt of only 7/6 with your order. Balance in monthly payments if satisfied with the suit after you have examined & tried it on in your own home. Money refunded in full if at all disappointed.

PATTERNS POST FREE

Write for Patterns

Send a post card for patterns cut from the actual cloth lengths from which the suits are made. With the cloth samples in your hands you will be able to judge the excellence of the materials and the value we are offering. We guarantee Style, Quality and Finish. Prices from 50/-

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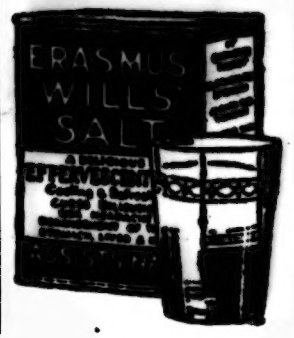
Wherever you live our keen prices & easy terms are for YOU.

Reduced Prices— 8d., 1/2 2/- PER TIN



TO be brisk, bright, buoyant and perfectly fit, take Wills' Salt regularly EVERY morning. It will keep you free from those little ailments which undermine health and make life a burden. Good for children as well as adults.

WILLS' SALT

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OVER 650 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

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BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LIMITED.

THE CITY LIFE

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Assets Exceed - -	£1,000,000
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Meltis [Regd.] Supreme Assorted CHOCOLATES

Sartor Raincoat For Whitsun 20/-

CARR. PAID in British Isles.

Put away your heavy overcoat and get a SARTOR RAINCOAT for Whitsun and the coming holidays.

SARTOR RAINCOATS are tailored by experts from a fully proofed Gabardine, with cosy check lining. Scrupulous care is taken in the finish of every garment.

SEND NO MONEY—Just a postcard, and we will send you by return

FREE PATTERNS

and Style Book (Ladies', Maids', Gents and Youths') together with an accurate self measurement form.

MONEY RETURNED IN FULL IF NOT SATISFIED.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.

(Dept. J.1.), 82, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

A TRIUMPH FOR "JOHN BULL"

Now the Only Paper that Insures against All Home Accidents.

ANOTHER prominent London daily has now joined the list of those papers which have reduced their Insurance benefits since the New Year.

Every reduction that is made by other papers serves to throw into relief the strong, independent policy adopted by *John Bull*—a policy that has succeeded where others have failed—a policy that has gained in strength where others have begun to show signs of weakness—a policy that has given every satisfaction where others have imposed many irksome restrictions.

John Bull is now the only paper which offers its readers a Free Insurance against ALL Home Accidents. This valuable benefit which can now be obtained only by registering with *John Bull*, is a typical example of the superiority of *John Bull's* Free Home Insurance Gift.

During the last six months alone, *John Bull* has made no fewer than 1,093 payments on account of minor accidents in the home.

The reason which led other papers to withdraw this benefit is the very reason why *John Bull* has decided to continue it. It is in our opinion no good offering a Free Home Insurance Gift unless one can make the benefits of real practical value.

Besides offering you cover against *all* Home Accidents, *John Bull* offers to compensate you for loss and damage by Fire. It contributes the sum of £3 5s. towards your doctor's bills in the case of many serious illnesses, and it helps to pay the expenses resulting from many of the more serious material accidents in the home.

There is another point in connection with our Free Home Insurance Gift that thousands of our readers have had cause to praise. *John Bull* deals direct with its registered readers and does not hand applications for benefits over to the unsympathetic machinery of an Insurance Company. It is *John Bull's* policy to please its readers and not to look for technical points upon which the payment of benefits can be evaded.

The *John Bull* Free Home Insurance Gift costs you exactly nothing. In *John Bull* itself you get the finest value for 2d. a week offered in journalism, and the Home Insurance is a free gift.

One of these days, perhaps, misfortune may befall you. Will you be amongst those who would find consolation in the fact that they had signed; or amongst those who would bitterly regret that they had not?

The Forms will be found on page 2.

SIGN NOW.

BROKEN HEARTS AND HOMES

Family Tragedies of Unemployment

HERE is a family tragedy in which unemployment, sickness and desperate poverty play their customary part of breaking the heart and home of a British war hero.

Thomas Tissiman, of Crooke, a hamlet near Wigan, saw service in France and Belgium for nearly five years. He has three medals to show for it, but no pension, and his existence since his discharge from the Army has been one long struggle with adversity.

He has a wife and three children, aged 14, 12, and 6, to support. The constant strain of poverty undermined his wife's constitution, and she was taken seriously ill just before Christmas. She had spent six weeks in a convalescent institution at Southport, and was on the road to recovery when she returned to her family during March.

The sight of her once comfortable home so bare and cheerless, her husband still out of work and her children with their clothing in rags, affected her strongly, and within a week of her return she suffered a relapse, and was taken to the infirmary. After a few days there her mind became affected, and she had to be removed to the County Asylum.

There she remains, while her broken-hearted husband struggles on despairingly. The rent is in arrears, and there is money owing for milk and coal.

This is a tragedy such as we endeavour to alleviate through "The Greatest of These——" Fund.

"The Greatest of These——"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

R. K. (Freemantle), 1½d.; J. W. G., 2s. 6d.; W. E. J. R., 1s.; P. W., 4½d.; "Betty," 2s. 6d.; "Dolly's Ninth," 6d.; S. G. S., 6d.; "Old Cameronian," 2s.; "Lea Rig," 2s. 3d.; "Brummagen Button," 1s. 7d.; "Hoping," 11d.; Anon., 3d.; Mrs. J. A. (Hornsey), 5s.; "One of the Old Contempts.," 6d.; "In Memory," 2s. 6d.; "Marghil," 2s. 6d.; "Digger's Ninth," 9d.; "An Unemployed Ninth," 6d.; "A Violinist," 1s. 6d.; "Well Wisher," 2s. 3d.; A. E. H. (Battle), 5s.; H. C., 1s. 6d.; W. & A. D., 5s.; "A Bit of a Rotter," £1 1s.; "Ex-Conductor Charlie," 11d.; "Dividend Ninth," 5s. 10d.; E. S. (Devonport), 2s. 6d.; "Leeds Scot's Ninth," 2s. 6d.; A. W. (Hull), 10s.; "Wrexham Reader," 4½d.; "In Loving Memory" (Perham), 10s.; "Faith, Hope and Charity," 1s. 10½d.; W. J. L., 6d.; "Jean's Ninth," 6d.; C. H. (Ipswich), 2s. 3d.; V. L., 1s. 3½d.; N. W., 2s.; Profits of Whist Drive and Dance (per W. G. S. & W. W. K.), £1 1s.; "Dulwich," 7d.; J. H. W. (St. Andrews), 2s.; Mrs. E. C. (Nelson), 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; "A Ninth" (Preston), 3s. 4d.; "Every Little Helps" (Blackburn), 2s.; "My Ninth," 1s.; "Bulletee's Ninth," 10½d.; A. R. C. (Lexden), 2s.; "Eric's First Ninth," 3s.; L. E. H. S. (Christchurch), 5s.; M. A. H., 2s. 9d.; "My Ninth, I. F. S.," 3s.; Mrs. N. L. H. (Bristol), 1s., and parcel; H. B., 6d.; C. B., 1s.; E. B. R. S., 6d.; Mrs. P. E. J., 6d.; Anon., 9d.; "A Selopian," £1; "In Thankfulness," parcel; C. W. McM., 5s.; S. A. S. (Manitoba), 25 cents; "Jock," 5s.; "Rainbow" (per C. J.), 7s. 6d.; A. W. S. (Battersea), 2s. 6d.; "A Small Ninth" (Lanarkshire), 2s. 1½d.; "A Lucky Winner," 1s.; "Sympathy," 2s. 6d.; N. X., 1s.; "My Little Lot," 1s.; Anon. (Wilts), 5s.; "Brighton," 5s.; "Ini" (Canterbury), 4d.; W. L. P. (Kettering), 1s. 9½d.; J. W. (East Ham), 5s.; H. I. (Buckingham), 2s. 6d.; M. N. (Bedford), 1s. 2d.; "A Hopeful Ninth," 1s. 6d.; "Married Man's Ninth," 7½d.; "Interested," 1s.; "Mother and Baby," 1s. 11d.; "Winnikens" (Manchester), 5s.; Anon. (Derby), 1s. 7½d.; W. M., 2s. 6d.; "Jay Bee," 2s.; Anon. (Folkestone), £2; "Family of Ninths," 8s. 11d.; "Lookend," 2s. 6d.; H. B., 2s. 6d.; "Clanie," 1s.; Mrs. L. W., parcel; Mrs. J. B., parcel; Mrs. E. H., 5s.; G. L. (Lowestoft), parcel; "Miller" (Northampton), parcel; A. J., 1s.; Mrs. M. C. (Lowestoft), parcel; "Lucky Bet," 1s.; Mrs. A. F. P., 1s.; (Thatcham), parcel; "Lissie," parcel; R. M., parcel; Mrs. A. B., parcel; Miss A. M. W., 2s.; "Widow Mite," parcel; "Hopeful," 4½d.; "First Ninth," 2½d.; "Every Little Helps (Lincoln), 10s.; "Fatalist," 10d.; A. K., 5s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; H. M. I., 5s. 7d.; "Appreciation," 3s. 6d.; C. D. (Bradford), parcel; E. R. C., 5s.; E. D., 1s. 3d.; J. S., 1s.; "Other Days" (Birmingham), parcel; "L." (S.W.), 5s.; Mrs. G. F. S., parcel; "A Keeper," 3s.; E. H., 6d.; "1/9th," 2s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

A PROFITABLE PASTIME

THE fascination of evolving *Bullets* is constantly emphasised in letters from our competitors. Many regard this entertaining pastime as a welcome relaxation from the day's work, deriving pleasure and profit from a leisurely half-hour each week with the *Bullets* Examples. The competitor's interest is never allowed to flag, for the result of each contest is announced within a fortnight of the closing date, and prizes are distributed immediately. Moreover, our competitors have the satisfaction of seeing a larger number of printed prize-winning lines than in any other contest of this kind.

Mr. H. Hayhurst, of 120, Preston New Road, Blackburn, informs us that prior to securing the First Prize of £1,000 in *Bullets* last week, he had only won books, "Targets," and a small cash prize. He is a young man employed as a fitter in an engineering works, to whom "fitting" *Bullets* to Examples has proved a profitable spare-time occupation.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 482.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. B. W. BOCOCK, 15, Obelisk Road, Woolston, Southampton.

Example :—A PIRATE
Bullet :—OF NATION'S VITALITY—SLUMS.
(Sent in on free "Target" prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. VICTOR LANE, 2, Coombe Avenue, Teignmouth, Devon.

Example :—YOUNG MOTHER
Bullet :—FINDS "KEEPING YOUNG" DIFFICULT.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mrs. E. D. JONES, 110, Seagrave Manor Road, Thornton Heath.

Example :—NEVER
Bullet :—FUNNY—TERRIFIED ANIMALS' ANTICS.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

HAROLD BUCKER, 19, Darran Terrace, Ferndale, Rhondda, S. Wales :
SOFT WORDS—"WE CANNOT REPAY YOU."
A. J. LYNER, 63, Tantallon Rd., Balham, S.W.12 :
EASY—CORNERING NECESSITIES SHOULDN'T BE.
Miss L. M. CHAPLIN, Little Bull Close, Cowgate, Norwich :
AN EXPERIMENT—"BRETHREN, YOU MAY SMOKE."
G. BOWLES, 321, Gladstone Street, Peterborough :
BEST AVOIDED—FIGHTS WITH BRITISH PUBLIC.
J. CORDEROY, 9, Longdon Terrace, Stanton Hill, Mansfield, Notts. :
NEVER—ALTERABLE; OPINION BECOMES PREJUDICE.
A. H. STEPHAN, 8, Wingfield Gardens, Shrewsbury :
TIME TO SPARE—EMPLOYER—TILL INCREASE MENTIONED.
Mrs. E. JONES, 76, Brook Street, Williamstown, Penygraig, S. Wales :
TIT FOR TAT—EX-TOMMY SUCCESSFUL DRESSMAKER.
REV. E. H. F. MAY, Newlands Vicarage, Keswick :
THEY SAY—PRAYERS—THEN SEE AGAIN.
A. E. GARDNER, 22A, Chamberlain St., Wells, Somerset :
TIME TO SPARE—HOME SECRETARY SHOULD KNOW.
Mrs. M. E. BATE, Marple Lodge, Marple, Cheshire :
EASY—AT FIRST—WISEST TRAINING.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

A. MASKELL, 16, Prittlewell Path, Southend :
PAINTING—ACADEMY JUDGES BY SIGNATURE.
(Sent in on free "Target" prize coupon.)
J. R. BARBER, 20, Ripon Gardens, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne :
TIT FOR TAT—IF CHANCELLOR "SMUTS" BOOKIES.
GEORGE WALTON, 217, Clifton Park, Belfast :
YOUNG MOTHER—OF MAYFAIR—ISN'T INSPECTED.
(Sent in on free "Target" prize coupon.)
Miss B. DOBSON, "Ingleby" Loughborough Road, Kirkcaldy, Fife :
SOFT WORDS—RARELY THOSE WE MUTTER.
W. CORRIN, Ivy Cottage, Castletown Road, Braddan, Isle of Man :
NOT FOR ME—LOVE EPISTLE WIFE INTERCEPTS.
Miss MARY SUTCLIFFE, 16a, Haslingden Road, Rawtenstall, Lancs. :
BEST AVOIDED—CONFIDENCE THAT FLATTERY GIVES.
EDWIN CARTER, 18, Wheeler Street, Newport, Mon. :
IN THE SUN—OF PUBLICITY—MANY SERVED.
HENRY CRENSHALL, 3, Ridley Street, Cramlington, Northumberland :
PRETENDING—BOSS'S SON IN OVERALLS.
(Sent in on free "Target" prize coupon.)
GEORGE TURNER, 20, Holycoke Terrace, Workington, Cumberland :
ON A PEDESTAL—USING MEGAPHONE, "SPEAKER" SECRETLY.
Miss HILDA M. PINCHAN, 93, Popple Street, Pitsmoor, Sheffield :
IN CONFIDENCE—UNNECESSARY GIVING HONEST OPINION.

NEXT WEEK—NEW AND ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES TO BE WON.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 484.

CROSSING THE CHANNEL
OPEN AIR
AN EXHIBITION
TRYING US
MODERN LIFE
GARDENING
WIRELESS MESSAGE
OVERDRESSED
FAVOURED FEW
COMING TO LIGHT
FINISHED ARTICLE
SOME DAY
SITTING UP LATE
AT ANY PRICE
BEFORE US
WASTING TIME
LOOKING BACK
WELL SERVED
A COWARD
SWEETHEARTS' DREAM
ALL OVER
TOO BAD
MUCH PREFERRED
IN THE TWILIGHT
TOO MUCH TROUBLE
GOOD FOR HER
BIG DIFFERENCE
BY MACHINERY
IN SHORT
UNKNOWN
OUT OF TOWN
SURE THING

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Sixpence for 50, 62 and 61 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the Winners of the Three Coveted "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 484 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 481, can now be seen in the window of Mr. G. Goodall, Newsagent, Grille, Blackburn.

List of Two-Guinea Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 483 will be published in next week's "Competitions Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Office of "JOHN BULL."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the examples printed; then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: Example :—LITTLE HELP Bullet :—CRAMMING HUNGRY CHILDREN'S HEADS. Example :—PAID IN FULL Bullet :—THEN FRANCE "QUITS." Example :—WHEN LONDON SLEEPS Bullet :—SOME MOTORISTS SHOULD PRACTISE. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

☞ **ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO** "Bullets" No. 484, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No. —— Closing Date, Thursday, May 24.
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(484) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

No. —— Closing Date, Thursday, May 24.
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(484) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

No. —— Closing Date, Thursday, May 24.
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(484) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

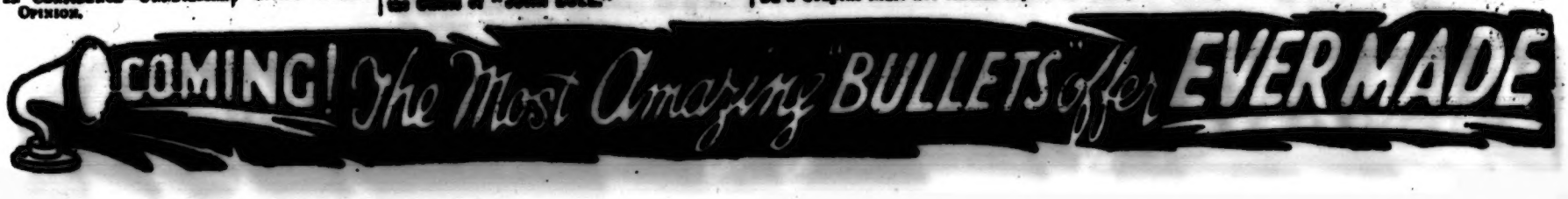
No. —— Closing Date, Thursday, May 24.
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(484) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

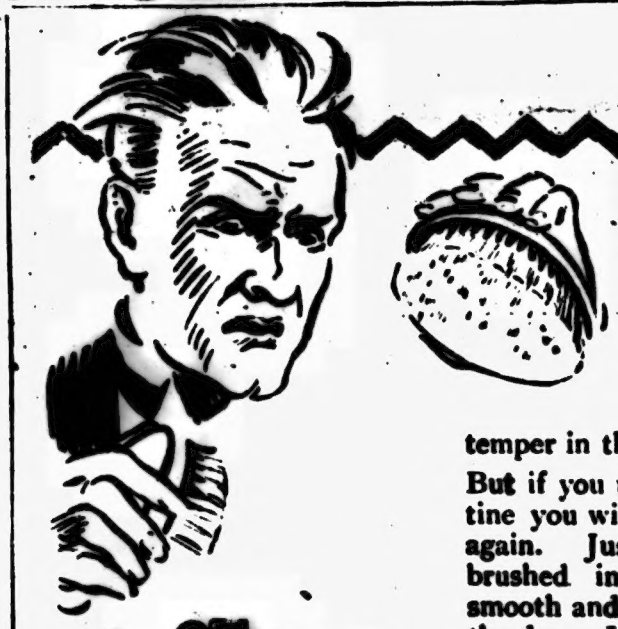
☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 484.

RIGHT TO LIVE—A RIPPER—AFTER THE EXPLOSION—RUN OUT—A SWEEP—WHAT I THINK—TOO HASTY—ONE FOR US—CARVING OUT—DAY BY DAY—FALLING OFF—LATEST DISCOVERY—WHAT THE POLICEMAN SAID—ON APPROVAL—MORE AND MORE—WONDERFUL TIME—FAIR GAME—GOING BY—IN HER EYES—RARE COLLECTION.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, MAY 24th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 484 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 484, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 483.





It's his Hair!

Bristly hair is apt to mean a bristly temper in the early morning.

But if you use Icilma Brilliantine you will never be troubled again. Just a touch, well brushed in, keeps your hair smooth and tidy for the rest of the day. Icilma Brilliantine is never messy or gummy, and not too strongly perfumed.

Icilma Brilliantine

Which Brilliantine?

Whether you use the Solid or the Liquid Brilliantine is mainly a matter of taste. But *heavy* heads of hair need Solid Brilliantine, while *fine* hair is rendered wonderfully silky by the Liquid Crystal Brilliantine.

Solid or Liquid 1/3

Feeling Six at Sixty!

ONCE you make the acquaintance of "SOXOS"—foot troubles and discomforts become strangers to you.

WALK MILES this Whitsun and don't feel tired.

THERE is no tired feeling about those who wear "SOXOS"— it preserves and magnifies a man's powers and makes him alive—an optimist all over.

To the pedestrian of twenty-five miles a day, the worker standing hours on end, the plodding housewife, the policeman, standing for hours at his post—"SOXOS" gives to them all a-comforting lift on the way.

"SOXOS" is made of rubber-sponge and leather and does not cut the insole; it is a shock-absorber and has just the lift necessary to fill up the space under the instep to preserve the natural shape of the foot. Get a pair to-day.

Reg. Pat. British Made

Made in several sizes for men and women—give size of boot when ordering.

Two models:—Deep or Shallow.

3/11 Per Pair

SOXOS

FOOT EASER & ARCH SUPPORT

Get them from your Bootmaker

If any difficulty, write the manufacturers, THORNLEY & BOOTH, Ltd., Boston Mills, Hyde, Cheshire, and send name of your nearest retailer.

SANITAS EMBROCATION

The Runner.

Training and sprinting put a great pressure on a runner's muscles, but he has learnt to double his resistance to pressure by feeding his muscles with the natural oils of Sanitas Embrocation.

In any walk of life a constant use of Sanitas Embrocation, by keeping the muscles and tendons flexible and by feeding and invigorating the skin, will ward off "rustiness" and continual tiredness. Try a brisk daily rub, and a dash of it in the bath. It's a great habit!

1/9 PER BOTTLE.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

A 10-mile champion writes:

"I have now tested Sanitas Embrocation and have no hesitation in recommending it to others. I am sure the use of it contributed very largely to my recent successes. Previously after a race I always suffered from stiffness, but since using your preparation this has disappeared."

SAN. 39-10.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—*i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and at the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Eczema for 26 Years

Face, head, back, and hands affected. Cured completely by Germolene, the Real Remedy.

Mrs. H. Baker.

Mrs. Baker, The Banks, Lyneham, near Chippenham, says: "I had suffered 26 years—all my life with eczema. It started on my face, and spread over face, head, and back. It broke out on my hands, too, and there was constant irritation. Various remedies I tried, but everything failed until I tried Germolene, and almost at once it soothed the frightful burning itch. Then the eczema dried up, new clear skin appeared, and in a short time I was cured absolutely."

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

Prices 1/3 and 2/-. Of all Chemists.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Use Germolene for Eczema, Piles, Rashes, Itching, Ulcers, Blemishes, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, and all Skin Ailments.

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